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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

EAST EUROPEAN POLITICS

It is reported that several prominent statesmen of Eastern Europe took advantage of the royal wedding at Belgrade in June to confer upon the future relations of the Little Entente countries. A rumor is current that Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia propose to convert their present relations as members of the Little Entente into a formal military alliance. Poland and the Baltic States are likewise reported to be embraced within the political constellation integrating from the still rather nebulous system of mutual understandings and agreements existing among the new Governments of Eastern Europe. And indeed, even Greece and Austria are mentioned as potential members of the new international group.

Probably this is but the normal reply of the Little Powers to the recent treaty — albeit of only a commercial bearing — between Germany and Russia. How far the new situation thus created is responsible for the recent cabinet crisis in Poland it is difficult to say. The Polish Ministry is said to have resigned under pressure from Pilsudski, the Chief of State, who is rumored in some quarters to have been displeased with the conciliatory and pacifist policy of the recent Administration, especially its lenient treatment of the non-Polish population of the provinces bordering Soviet Russia. Fear of Bolshevist propaganda among Poland's Ruthenian- and Russian-speaking peasants doubtless was one motive for Pilsudski's action.

A well-informed Warsaw correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt* describes the political situation in Poland as follows: —

> The fifteen parties in Parliament, whose kaleidoscopic groupings have caused six changes of ministry during the three and one-half years that the Republic has been in existence, really fall into two larger groups of approximately equal strength — the conservatives and the radicals. On the Right are the clergy, the great landowners, and the National Democrats, who are especially hostile to Germany, inclined to seek an understanding with Russia, and very subservient to France. The parties of the Left are uncompromisingly hostile to Russia; their attitude toward Germany is purely defensive; they insist that their relations with France shall be those between equals; and in general, they place their reliance upon armed force. Dmowski, Paderewski and Korfanty — who was prominent in the Upper Silesia controversy — are leaders of the Right; while Witos, the former peasant Premier, and Pilsudski favor the Left. However, Pilsudski has been obliged by his position to maintain a more or less neutral attitude. The Conservatives

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directed their first attack against Witos, who was forced out of office; and having achieved this, they tried for a time to overthrow Pilsudski himself. The peasants and most of the army support the latter; and France would not welcome his overthrow.

Under such circumstances the resignation of Ponikowsky's Cabinet appeared most puzzling even to the Poles, especially at this time, shortly before a general election. Apparently Pilsudski was dissatisfied because the Cabinet had declared the treaty between Germany and Russia harmless, and was intent upon pursuing a pacific policy toward both those countries. The proposed military alliance with Finland had been defeated in the Parliament of the latter country. In general, the Ministry had not come up to the aggressive standards of Pilsudski's party. It was more intent upon Poland's financial rehabilitation and economic restoration than upon military adventures. However, while Pilsudski could force out the Cabinet, he could not control Parliament, which, pending the coming election, insists upon continuing the policy of the previous Ministry, even though it be under new leaders.

The Diet is reported to be strongly behind the financial and the foreign policy of the late ministry. Pilsudski requested a large increase of military credits, that would have seriously unbalanced the already unstable budget, to meet a new Bolshevist invasion. The Minister of Finance and the Foreign Minister refused to endorse this, believing the emergency did not require it. At present writing, a rumor is current that Adelbert Korfanty will become Premier and that Pilsudski has threatened to resign as regent.

GENERAL MAURICE'S WAR STORY

We conclude in this issue General Maurice's account of the friction between the civil government and the military authorities in Great Britain during the last years of the War. Similar conflicts of opinion and jurisdiction developed in every one of the belligerent countries on both sides of the battle-line. While these articles are not above suspicion of partisan bias, since they record the events that led to the retirement of their author from his position as Director of Military Operations, they form an important contribution to the history of the War. Particularly significant is the confirmation of the fact that the British General Staff possessed a fairly accurate knowledge of the condition of their opponents on the Western Front at the close of the 1916 campaign, as shown by the testimony of the German commanders after the War was over, and that not improbably the War was unnecessarily prolonged by the inspirational strategy of the British Prime Minister and his associates, who sought a victory by brilliant detours rather than by the humdrum, slow-but-sure methods that their professional army advisers advocated.

THE HUNGARIAN ELECTIONS

Even under a reactionary suffrage law designed to deprive the peasants and working men of part of the large voice in elections given them by the revolutionary Constitution, the Social Democrats made heavy gains at the last Hungarian election and have become the second party in power in Parliament. At the same time the Christian National Union and the small Farmers Party lost heavily, the latter sinking from one of the strongest to the weakest group in the legislative body.

On the whole, however, the Government maintains its present position, securing 166 seats in the new House, as compared with 76 for the opposition group.

One notable fact of the election was the defeat of the Hapsburg partisans or Legitimists. Since their expulsion from Switzerland, following the failure of the attempted restoration last September, the supporters of the Hapsburg royal

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house have made their headquarters in Bavaria. Charles by his will conveyed his claims to the throne to his son, Prince Otto, and appointed the ex-Empress Zita regent during the latter's minority. The Royalists hoped to win enough seats in the present Parliament to 'elect' Otto king of Hungary, and then to appeal to the other Powers to confirm the will of the Hungarian people on the plea of their right to self-determination. The results of the election have sadly dashed these hopes.

The general results bear out the view that the Hungarian people long for peace, toleration, and social reform. The violent anti-Semites who swept the polls at the elections two years ago, shortly after the overthrow of Bela Kun, are nowhere now. A round half dozen former cabinet officers were defeated. This is the first time that Socialists have been elected to the Hungarian Parliament, where they make their advent with 25 seats. Their success has been so remarkable that shrewd observers suggest that Count Bethlen, the Premier, has been secretly encouraging them and wooing their support, in order to get some backing in Budapest, where his party had absolutely no standing.

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INDIAN RUMORS

SINCE the imprisonment of Gandhi, the non-coöperation movement and its leader are reported to have lost prestige in India. But while the people have ceased to believe in the success of Gandhi's tactics, there is no definite evidence that they have weakened in their determination to secure the objects those tactics were designed to attain. The *Daily Herald* reports that its cables from India have been suppressed by the Government, and it infers — citing reports of numerous arrests — that the authorities are preventing the truth regarding conditions there from reaching readers at home. A special correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* writes that 'the country is discouraged. . . It would not be easy again to awaken enthusiasm for the old programme; perhaps not even for the old leader.' But the people do not propose to rest until they have won home rule. Apparently India's economic demands are coming more prominently to the fore as the political mentality of her leaders matures under the stress of the present controversy. Fiscal autonomy, the right to protect India's industries against even British competition, is acquiring relatively more importance in their minds.

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AUSTRALIAN POLITICS

THE Washington Conference and the Irish settlement have had a cheering effect upon the public mind of Australia. The first removed the threat of a Pacific war, and considerably mitigated Australia's fear of Japanese aggression. The second eliminated a disturbing issue from local politics, much as it has in the United States. Indeed, the Irish settlement is of more direct interest to Australia than to America, not only because both Australia and Ireland are embraced within the confines of the British Empire, but also because new constitutional developments in Ireland may form a precedent for constitutional changes in the Dominions. It is felt that the Irish treaty stands for an advance in Dominion autonomy throughout the Empire.

Recent elections, especially in New South Wales, have gone against the Labor Party. The political group that comes into power in New South Wales, however, is quite as radical in many ways as the Labor régime which it displaces. This is particularly true of its agrarian programme. Labor was preju-

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diced in the last election by the raising of a sectarian issue. The country, which is 80 per cent Protestant, was given to believe that the Labor Party was identified with the Roman Catholic Church. Illogically enough, the second effective argument against Labor was that its leaders were identified with the Bolsheviki. Point was given to this charge by the outspoken sympathy shown by many Australian laborists for the striking miners or 'Rand revolutionists,' in South Africa. Mining labor has always moved back and forth freely between Australia and South Africa. Moreover many Australians served in Africa during the Boer War. Consequently there has long been a rather intimate understanding between labor organizers in the two countries.

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COST OF TRAVEL IN GERMANY

CONTRADICTORY accounts reach us regarding the cost of travel in Germany. Three conditions account largely for these discrepancies: prices change with the fluctuating value of the mark; charges, especially at hotels and pensions, vary considerably in different districts; much depends upon the personality of the tourist himself. In many places, foreigners are charged for their rooms at a special rate, about double that paid by Germans. This is a fixed legal charge, and is not arbitrarily applied by the landlord. It is the same for all foreigners, whether they come from high-exchange countries, such as the United States and Great Britain, or from the low-exchange countries, like Finland and Poland. In large cities, the rates for rooms have risen recently. Where they were under two dollars in American currency a few months ago, they are now in the neighborhood of three dollars. Restaurant charges continue to be very moderate, especially if compared with those in American cities. In many places foreign money is welcome.

Undoubtedly, the art of making the tourist pay prices that compensate for differences in exchange is being acquired rapidly abroad. Six months ago, the cost of travel, entertainment, and of shop purchases in Austria and Germany was absurdly low, if computed in American currency. It is evident that this condition no longer exists, at least to the same degree as formerly.

The *Frankfurter Zeitung*, in a leading article upon the mooted theme, how tourists are to be treated, says: 'For several years no topic has aroused so much manifest interest among our readers.' Numerous letters discussing it reach the editorial office, mostly from Germans, but occasionally from foreigners.

For the German, the question has two aspects. The people of that country see a growing stream of foreigners flooding their summer resorts, and using the advantage the higher purchasing power of their money gives them, practically to exclude Germans from their wonted recreation places. These strangers raise prices, monopolize the best accomodations in hotels and on steamboats and railway trains, and in general demand and obtain the best, leaving only what is less desirable to the natives. Last of all, many of these tourists are newly rich, recently risen from the lower ranks of society, whose rude manners and ostentation are offensive.

Consequently, it is natural for the Germans to reason, 'If these foreigners take the best we have, let them pay well for it.' But making the tourist business yield all it will bear has reached a point where 'visitors often pay in Germany more than they would pay for equal services and accommodations in their own countries.' This, and a surly attitude toward tourists, are

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making Germany unnecessarily unpopular abroad. 'The foreigner who pays these higher prices is at least entitled to courteous treatment in return.'

The Government is now taking a hand in tourist exploitation. 'After paying a hotel bill five times as high as the rates that are charged to natives, the foreigner often has the additional privilege of paying a heavy poll tax to the Government.' The idea of taxing the tourist trade is reasonable enough, but it should be applied within reason. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* cites the unpopularity that the French incurred with American soldiers during the war by charging excessively high prices, as a caution to the Germans.

A personal letter just received by the editor from an American abroad, well known on both sides of the Atlantic, casts further light on the tourist situation:

> The main thing that strikes an American traveling in these parts of the world is the multiplicity of frontiers and customs examinations, and the terrors of traveling by train, or boat, or any other means. I have discovered a great law, namely, the desire to travel increases in the human breast in the square of the difficulties and discomforts of said travel. All the trains outside of Switzerland were packed with mobs of people. The dirtier the trains and the more drastic and inhuman the numerous railway customs and other regulations, the greater the mobs and the higher the enthusiasm to go somewhere.

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THE NEW D'ANNUNZIO

LENIN once called D'Annunzio 'the only true revolutionist in all Italy.' D'Annunzio is quoted by an American journalist as saying: 'The great current of mysticism that has its source in Russia will find in Rome the ancient matrix that will give it law and just measure.' Since his Fiume adventure, the poet has not emerged from his retirement near Lake Garda. He even wrote to his legionaries that they should accept the Treaty of Rapallo which made Fiume an autonomous state. However, he has recently entertained Chicherin, the Russian envoy to Genoa, and other radical leaders, and thus attracted attention anew to the sympathy which he shares with other eminent men of letters like Anatole France, for the ideals behind the Russian revolution. However, D'Annunzio is an eclectic, not a slave to a doctrine. He is intensely nationalist, and can accompany the internationalist Bolsheviki only a short way on the path they would pursue.

In his present retreat D'Annunzio keeps with him a few loyal *arditi*. Oddly enough to American ears, their true names are Dante, Virgil, and Livy; with which their humble garden-and-garage tasks seem strangely out of accord. Most of his former followers, however, have scattered. Some occasionally knock at the gate of their old leader, either to ask that they be liberated from their romantic oath of loyalty to him, or to seek financial assistance. His present residence is said to be a house formerly occupied by Wagner, whose German owner kept it precisely as the great composer left it. The same piano stands open in the salon; the same music lies on the rack. The past appeals to the poet as strongly as the future, and in art, at least, he is no iconoclast.

All this is apropos of a new book that D'Annunzio has on the press, which is to be entitled *A Conversation in a Garden*, and of which many things, both political and artistic, are predicted.

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COTTON IN FRENCH AFRICA

WE recently referred to the efforts that France is making to secure a

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supply of cotton from her African possession. That country uses about 300,000 tons of cotton annually. The climate of French Sudan is said to be 'perfectly adapted to its cultivation.' The natives raise the fibre for their own use, and already export a few hundred tons annually. It is now proposed to construct extensive irrigation works upon the Niger, sufficient to irrigate more than three million acres. Officials estimate that in addition to other crops, 100,000 tons of cotton can be raised annually on this project.

The Niger Cotton Cultivation Company was formed two years ago to raise this crop on a commercial scale in a district some 50 miles south of Timbuktu. Irrigation by steam pumps is used, and a small amount of cotton has already been produced in this vicinity and shipped to France.

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AN OPENING FOR A BRITISH BENEFACTOR

DOUBTLESS there are editors in the United States who would be gratified to receive such an endowment — or insurance deposit — as is suggested below, and for an analogous purpose. Whether or not the world would be better for the benefaction, we leave to individual judgment. The quotation is from the *London Outlook:* —

If some enterprising patriot would send the editor of this journal a check for £100,000 to pay the costs of the ensuing libel actions, the editor might — but editors are timid gazelles — print some unpleasant facts about the records of some of the gentlemen who have lately received Honors from His Majesty, and some remarkable deductions about why those Honors were bestowed. Until the usual conventions are abandoned and somebody takes the risk of speaking out, the public will never recognize the magnitude of the scandal.

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THE DRUG EVIL

The Editor of a leading medical journal, who speaks with authority, has written us, apropos of an article entitled 'The Great Drug Delusion,' printed in *The Living Age* for July 8, as follows:

While statements have been made by the anti-prohibitionists to the effect that prohibition has intensified the demand for drugs, there is no evidence to substantiate them. However, this is minor. The author's statement that he attempted to produce the drug habit in himself is an example of falsehood on its face. . . And finally he repeats that notorious falsehood about an enterprising firm distributing heroin to some 17,000 school children.

Another letter, from the Executive Director of the Joint Committee on Methods of Preventing Delinquency in New York City, says:

I have spent the last nine years conducting a temporary shelter for unfortunate children in the boroughs of Brooklyn and Queens and during that time, the shelter has cared for approximately 30,000 children. Most of these were cases handled by the children's courts. The number of children known to us as having used drugs could be counted on the fingers of one hand. The instances of known drug addiction among the larger number of children encountered by the child-protective authorities in Manhattan, which embraces Harlem, rarely if ever exceeds five or six in any single year.

By way of explanation, it should be stated that an active campaign is being conducted in certain British periodicals against the 'Dangerous Drugs Act,' recently passed by Parliament; and the article in question was essentially controversial.

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IMPRESSIONS OF BERLIN

BY HENRI LICHTENBERGER

[*The following pages are from a lecture recently delivered by M. Lichtenberger at the* Cercle de la Renaissance. *M. Lichtenberger is a professor at the Sorbonne.*]

From *La Revue Politique et Parlementaire, May* 10
(INDEPENDENT POLITICAL-AFFAIRS MONTHLY)

WHEN I got out of the train at Berlin on a cold February morning about a month ago, the melancholy aspect of the city — which I had not seen for nearly ten years — struck me at the first glance. Berlin, which once boasted that it was the trimmest and best kept of European capitals, had sunk into a repulsively filthy condition. It was thawing that evening, and the squares, the streets, and the avenues formed one huge lake of thick, sticky mud. On the pavements, even in Friedrichstrasse and Unter den Linden, heaps of hardened snow and dirt of every description were piled, here and there, slowly dissolving under the rain. The street lighting was very poor. Taxicabs, large in size but dilapidated in appearance, or ancient fiacres drawn by scrawny cab-horses, made ruts in the streets. The passers-by were dressed decently enough but without a sign of elegance. No effort to be trim, no furs, not even in the richer quarters — only coats and cloaks of wool, of no particular color, and often soaked through with the rain; in the theatres a good many people, but very few toilettes.

Personal contact and conversation with the citizens only deepens the impression of melancholy. Obvious care broods over all the life of Berlin, and one soon enough feels the vague disquietude of those with whom he talks. They all have a feeling of the profound instability of the present situation, a dread of the morrow — a something vaguely feverish or depressed about them.

As a matter of fact, no one can hide the fact that they are confronted by a serious situation. The financial condition is critical. The consolidated debt has reached 73 ½ billions; the floating debt reached 263 billions on the twenty-eighth of February, and increased by 100 billions during the last year alone. The fiduciary circulation was 130 billions on the eleventh of March. The mark, after a short period of climbing, began to sink by alarming degrees and its world value fell until it was worth less than two pfennigs before the War. Its purchasing power in the interior is limited to about six pfennigs gold. The rise in prices is appalling. If one glances at the index published by the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, he finds that the average price of seventy-seven selected articles of common consumption has risen sixty-fold since 1914, and is still climbing upward.

Comparative figures for 1921 show that the cost of living has more than doubled in a single year. Statisticians calculate that the minimum price of existence rose at Berlin, in January 1922, to 266 marks a week for a single man, 408 marks for a household without children, and 548 marks for a household with two children. This represents,

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respectively, 44, 68, and 91 marks a day, or 13,900, 21,300, and 28,600 marks a year.

Since the rise in wages has by no means followed the rise in prices, everyone is in serious distress. It is admitted that in Berlin barely 10 per cent of the population reaches the minimum level of existence and that the rest suffer more or less from malnutrition. In the East End, especially, the misery is extreme and it is causing a marked development of diseases, such as tuberculosis and typhus, characteristic of bad nutrition. The condition of the lower middle class, the less highly paid employees, people whose income is received from modest fixed investments, and retired people, is still worse than that of the working class. With just enough to keep from dying of hunger, they drag out a miserable existence by privation and self-denial of every kind.

The situation of the students is hardly less precarious. The greater number of them are obliged to find work as laborers or office-help in order to earn a living, and carry on their study during their leisure hours. As the minimum cost of an ordinary university education is 40,000 marks, and as medical students require more than 100,000 marks, the sons of the middle class, who were formerly accustomed to spend some years in the universities and to prepare themselves for professional careers, now find it impossible to continue their studies. The Students' General Association urges applicants for admission to take training as manual workers before entering the university and to follow such occupation during their vacations!

Even the upper middle classes are in difficulty. Six generals earn their livings as employees of a bank in Berlin. One of the best-paid professors at the University of Berlin said that his income had increased fivefold while his expenses had increased thirtyfold, and that his scale of living had been reduced in proportion. The middle class can almost hold its own, because its members still have homes, clothing, and linen that they owned before the War; but they live at the very bottom. It is impossible for them to have anything new. They regard it as a calamity to have to buy a suit of clothes, or to have a tooth filled; and sometimes they are driven to sell their treasures — their jewels, furniture, or rare books — in order to live. It is a desperate enterprise for newly married people to set up a home.

The old-time cultivated man of the middle classes sees with anger, envy, or hatred a very limited class of new-rich rising around him,— supposed to number less than one hundred thousand people,— who pocket enormous profits, concentrate in their own hands little by little the chief resources of Germany, escape taxes, and accumulate reserves abroad. It is estimated that in the course of the single year 1921 the profit resulting from the increased value of German stocks amounted to 250 billion marks, 200 billion of which went to fatten the finances of this new money-aristocracy.

Nobody sees any remedy for this situation. The prospect for the future is appalling. The budget of the Empire invariably presents formidable deficits. According to information at the beginning of March, the fiscal year of 1921–22, which ended on the thirty-first of March, has already run up during the first twelve months a deficit of 83 billion marks, to which must be added a 13½ billions deficit on railroads and post office; and nobody imagines that the new taxes can reëstablish equilibrium. Everyone imagines that, by reason of the terrific rise in the cost of living, the one million, four hundred thousand state officials, whose salaries

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absorb almost 44 billion marks at present, — that is to say, more than half the budget of the whole Empire,— will demand increased pay, which will upset the whole precarious equilibrium of the budget. Nobody sees how Germany can continue to pour out to the Entente payments in gold, even if they are reduced to 720 millions a year or 60 millions a month. Neither does anyone see how it can make the 1450 million gold marks of payments in kind demanded by the Cannes agreement, for this huge sum will have to be made up to German industry by the State.

At the time when these reparations were established, they were already worth 72½ billion paper marks; to-day they are worth almost 100 billion, and at the end of the year they will perhaps be worth 120 billion or even more. Now what will happen when such a mass of paper is thrown on the market? Who will accept these notes that have depreciated at the very time when they were being issued? Thanks to the fall of the mark, together with the rise in cost of living, no further economies in the budget are possible, either for the Empire, or for the individual states or the cities or private citizens.

Everyone lives from hand to mouth. Thrift has disappeared. The savings that in 1919 still amounted to 6200 million marks amounted to more than 4500 million in 1920, and to no more than 2600 million in 1921 — that is to say, about 40 million marks at pre-War value.

Everyone gambles on the rise or fall of securities. Even the children take the monthly allowance that their parents give them to buy lire, francs, or dollars in the hope of having the luck to double their little store. People buy all the personal property that they can, in the conviction that prices will go on rising; and by these speculative purchases — which compel the factories to speed up their production and, in consequence, to buy raw materials abroad and to secure credits to pay for these materials — they hasten the time when the German mark will crash.

The fall of the mark, the rise in prices, the struggle for increased salaries, the almost complete destruction of the wealth already acquired, the tragedy of seeing salaries increase more slowly than the cost of living, and, consequently, of seeing the scale of living sink steadily, the fear of the impossibility of making ends meet or providing for the future — these are the themes that I heard discussed in all my conversations in Berlin. In all social circles I found the same uneasiness. Everywhere the complaint was made that France did not sufficiently take into account the vital necessities of Germany, that she let herself be controlled by her hatred or mesmerized by chimerical fears for the future, that she set up obstacles to all moderate solutions, and that by her uncompromising attitude she discouraged even her most sincere friends.

According to whether those with whom I talked belonged to the Right or the Left, they either denounced with more vigor French policy or else found fault the more bitterly with the shortcomings of the German Imperialists and Nationalists. Some gave evidence of more irritation than others, some of discouragement and sorrow; but all were united in declaring that if we let this situation go on and no way is found to lessen Franco-German antagonism, if no equitable basis of agreement can be discovered, we must fear the very worst calamities.

As to the possibility of an arrangement of this sort, I tried to secure information from all sides, but especially from the more conservative parties — for reasons which will easily be comprehended. The Government over which

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Chancellor Wirth presides and the parties that support him are, in fact, adherents of a 'policy of execution' and have the idea that a Franco-German understanding is desirable and ought to be promoted. The obstacles to this conciliation seem to come in general from the opposition of the Right, the Nationalists or the Popular Party, who protest with more vehemence against the situation wrought in Germany by the Treaty of Versailles, who demand its immediate revision, who uphold the policy of passive resistance, and who struggle to turn European opinion against French imperialism.

It seems to me especially important for Frenchmen to try to understand the opinions that reign in these circles. Everyone knows that the opposition of the Right is at present gaining ground in Germany. The Popular Party, having accepted a fiscal compromise, has just reached an understanding with the Coalition Government, and in consequence is exerting its influence upon political decisions more and more. The 'grand Coalition' of Stresemann and Scheidemann, which seemed on the point of being confirmed on the eve of the Geneva decision on Upper Silesia, may become a reality to-morrow. Otherwise, the approaching elections may considerably strengthen in Parliament the hopes of the Right, and especially of the Nationalists. It is therefore by no means impossible that we may have to deal in the very near future with a German Government in which the Right will be preponderant.

Now this is not a particularly reassuring prospect when we remember the tendency which shows itself in the press of this party. The ferocity with which the Nationalists struggle against the 'French Party' in Germany — that is to say, all those who want to reduce the Franco-German tension by yielding us some satisfaction — dwell at length on the sentiments that they feel toward us. They accuse the men who held power when the Treaty was signed of humiliating their country to no purpose, of bringing down upon them the worst extortion and the most intolerable evils through their visionary ideas and their moral weakness. They reproach them with spreading a spirit of discouragement, of weakness, and of resignation in the nation. 'Everything is on rations,' said the *Kreuze Zeitung* — 'even hate.'

It is evident that the irreconcilables, in stirring up among the Germans a realization of their woes and a consciousness of their failure, are endeavoring to hasten the crisis they regard as inevitable; that they are fanatically trying to entangle their fellow countrymen in an adventure of which no one can foretell the end.

The Nationalists, no doubt, refrain from preaching *revanche*, and they are to be believed when they say that they do not dream for an instant of involving Germany in military action, which, in her present disarmed state, could only end in disaster. Their most serious political writers, men such as Hoetzsch, expect the salvation of Germany through American financial intervention, supported by England; and predict that France, finding herself alone against the world, will eventually find herself compelled to renounce her disastrous policy of reparations.

As to their ultimate intentions, however, there is no doubt in the mind of anybody inside Germany or out of Germany. When you see the desperate opposition they offer to disarmament, and the stubbornness with which they secretly prepare to revive German military power; when you observe the perseverance with which they keep alive in Germany the desire for the recovery of the lost provinces, more espe-

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cially Upper Silesia, but Alsace-Lorraine as well; when you note the care with which they endeavor to stimulate the warlike spirit among their fellow countrymen; when you follow the alarming campaign of hate that they indefatigably pursue against France above all others — it is perfectly evident that, at the bottom, it is revenge they are after, armed revenge, and that they are preparing for it *against us*. The firm conviction of the German Nationalists is that the day will come when Germany, having made her peace with the Anglo-Saxon nations and formed a close friendship with Russia, will turn against France and her Polish or Rumanian satellites, and will smash the unnatural hegemony that France at this moment arrogates to herself on the continent of Europe.

Let us have no illusions. The old German imperialism is not dead. It is alive and active among an energetic minority, passionate and fanatical, who aspire with all their souls to reëstablish their influence over the masses. On the day when they regain power, the peace of Europe will become highly precarious!

It is evident, then, that the undeniable fact of recent progress by the Right presents us with a grave problem. If the extremists and irreconcilables, whose fury is reflected in the press, are truly representative of the deeper ambitions of conservative Germany, then the achievement of power by the Right would be a danger that we must look straight in the face and resolutely combat by all legitimate means. But, on the other hand, everybody knows that all the German parties are rent at this moment by more or less far-reaching internal conflicts, and include elements both from the Right and the Left — moderates who incline toward conciliation and uncompromising individuals who tend toward disastrous solutions. The Right has not escaped this fate. The present problem is to know how far the real influence of the extremists extends; whether the mass of the parties of the Right, the Nationalists or the Populists, are disposed to lend an ear to this perilous agitation, or whether they may not perhaps prefer more moderate solutions and dealings that would spare their country appalling shocks.

Against a party that is unanimous in its hatred and firmly resolved on revenge, there would evidently be no recourse left to us save the most effective possible measures of defense, without any move toward conciliation, which would then appear only a sign of weakness or hesitation. If, on the other hand, there are reasonable elements among those extremists, who regret the very worst policy, — elements who desire to see the Franco-German antagonism reduced, who know the peril of the present situation, who would be disposed to coöperate loyally in the request for a formula of compromise, — we should commit an error if we adopted a strictly and uniformly negative attitude toward these conservative parties, for we should thus be playing the game of the extremists. On the other hand, it would become our interest not to discountenance the moderates by an excessively hostile attitude, but to investigate their grievances and discuss the practical solutions that they offer. It is in this spirit, and for the purpose of eliminating this question, that I visited a number of leaders belonging to the parties of the Right and sought to understand their attitudes toward us. I shall try to describe here as faithfully as possible the general drift of these conversations.

Certainly the hatred of France that exists among the parties of the Right is very keen. They do not make any mystery about it and they set forth

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their grievances in conversation with a good deal of frankness and clarity. Almost everybody assured me repeatedly that during the War and at the time of the Armistice there was no hatred of France in Germany. They hated the English or the Italians, but, on the other hand, they appreciated our courage and the stubborn resistance we had made. They would have been ready to give us Alsace-Lorraine. It was generally hoped that victorious France would imitate the moderation of Prussia toward Austria after Sadowa; and it was believed that in that case the reconciliation between the two countries would take place without difficulty and would rapidly lead to an alliance that seemed to be made necessary by the nature of things.

All the people with whom I talked said: 'It is you yourselves who have created the resentment that has grown year by year, and that to-day has attained such an alarming pitch, by the hatred that you show toward us, by the implacable way in which you pursue us, and by the insulting contempt that you constantly display toward us. Of course we understand the anger that you feel at the devastation that has ruined some of your most flourishing provinces. We admit your right to reparations, and we recognize our duty of taking a large part in them — not because we regard ourselves as exclusively responsible for the outbreak of the War, but because we are beaten, and the beaten side always pays the bill. But the policy that you follow from Versailles to Cannes is not directed toward securing reasonable reparations; it is directed toward systematically ruining Germany. . . .'

Then my interlocutors would conclude: 'If, as your newspapers and politicians pretend, France does not desire Germany's ruin, if she really wants an agreement that would let us live and let us establish ourselves again, let her give us some visible sign of friendly disposition; let her make a gesture of conciliation; let her, for example, evacuate the bridgeheads of the Ruhr; let her lighten the exhausting and exasperating bills for the cost of occupation; and let her cut down her financial demands by a reasonable amount. On the day when you decide to take that attitude, you will speedily see the hostility to France decrease. . . .

'We know that France and Germany are not condemned to fatal antagonism by the nature of things; that they are, on the other hand, complements in many respects — that Germany excels in her gross industries and her powerful organization, France by her unrivaled finished manufactures; that Franco-German agreements in coal, iron, metallurgy, and potassium are possible and desirable. We know all that; and yet we take our stand by the side of the English, because in them we find consideration, accommodation, and that characteristic English sporting spirit toward the beaten man who is down and out, and a certain recognition of Germany's vital necessities. And yet we are not irreconcilably hostile to France. A change in your attitude would have every chance of bringing about a corresponding change on our part. No doubt it is late and things will not go so easily as in 1918, but it is not too late, even to-day, for a swift improvement in Franco-German relations.'

It is easy enough to see the response to be made from our point of view to this argument. I used to say to the people with whom I talked: 'You regard the French as the people who are wrecking Germany, and you ask us to take the first steps toward reconciliation. But pray recognize, in your own turn, that things don't appear like that to us French. We have spent more than eighty billion francs out of

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our own pocket to repair the damage that you have created in our Northern provinces, and we have not yet half finished the job; but we are at the end of our savings and we ask ourselves in anguish where the resources for continuing restoration are coming from.

'No; Germany — and this is an undeniable fact — has not yet furnished a single franc of the eighty billions we have already been spending; and when, under the whip of necessity, we Frenchmen ask her to meet her obligations and enable us to continue the restoration of our devastated provinces, she makes a gesture of an unlucky gambler who turns his pockets inside out, and declares to us that she cannot pay. And this at a moment when all appearances go to show that her industry is going through a period of prosperity and intense activity, when her factories are running at full speed, when her working population is busy, when her big business men are making enormous profits, which generally escape taxes, when, in the course of the single year 1921, the industrial securities sold on the Bourse rose in price by the enormous sum of 250 billion paper marks. . . .'

To these arguments my acquaintances replied that, so far, the problem of reparations had always been badly handled, but that on the day when we were willing to look at it in the true light, the Germans would have no difficulty in making us definite propositions that would be worth while. Germany, as a matter of fact, has only one way of recompensing France, and that is to yield her a share in the profits of her work. Coöperation and a community of Franco-German interests must be organized. Without that there will be no salvation. They hastened to add that, on the day when we are ready to enter upon this road, the Germans will find it possible to make it attractive for us. In fact, they sketched for me a series of proposals on whose value I cannot pronounce, for I am not an economist, but which, by the perspectives that they open and because of the authority of the persons who suggested them, seem to me to be worth at least serious examination.

A big banker proposed creating a reparations bank to receive 20 per cent of the capital stock of all German industrial enterprises and of all German real property, which could thus approach American financiers for a considerable loan. An economist who plays a leading rôle in the Imperial Economic Council mapped out a great loan in marks, whose arrears German industry, completely grouped in cartels, would engage itself to pay as a group. One of the principal business men of Germany imagined a world-wide reparations account designed for the restoration, not merely of Northern France and Belgium, but also of Russia, Central Europe, and Germany itself, which would be supplied by a contribution levied on world-wide production. A big iron man suggested the creation of a Franco-German cartel of coal and iron to sell its products at French prices, at present a third higher than German prices, which would pay into a reparations account the extra profit that would result to German industry from this increase.

I was very much struck with the fact that in general the attitude of the conservatives was less negative, less irremediably hostile, than one might think after reading the newspapers. They did not conceal their grievances. They expressed them insistently, sometimes with eloquence, but without useless bitterness. They gave me to understand that the desperate men, the partisans of the policy of despair, the enthusiasts, formed a noisy minority capable of intemperate manifestations or regrettable strokes, but whose real

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influence was a good deal less than people thought, and who maintained themselves largely because of the faults of the Entente and of France. They endeavored to give me the impression that the Right, as a whole, was less fanatical, not so eager for trouble nor so ready for violent means; but that, on the contrary, it consisted of moderate men, hostile to any revolutionary action, resolved not to go beyond lawful means in the struggle for power. Though they seemed quite ready to enter into discussion with the French, they were determined not to let themselves be treated as pariahs or naughty boys; but at bottom they were a good deal more intent on finding ground for agreement than on pushing things to extremes and producing a violent rupture.

AMERICAN RULE IN PORTO RICO

BY CAYETANO COLL Y CUCHI

From *Repertorio Americano, March 27, April 3*
(COSTA RICAN POLITICAL WEEKLY)

THE war between the United States and Spain deprived the latter country of Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. Spain's plenipotentiaries made a vigorous effort to salvage Porto Rico, but were finally induced to relinquish their country's rights to this ancient possession, after exacting from the delegates of the United States a formal promise as to the future government of the Island. The Spanish people felt no concern regarding the political institutions that the United States would set up in their former colony, for these would be determined by Congress at Washington — a legislative body that had always championed liberty and democracy in all parts of the world. Therefore, with this solemn promise in mind, Spain ratified the Treaty of Paris, by which the Porto Rican people, though of Spanish stock, ceased to be part of the Spanish nation.

We natives of the Island witnessed this change of sovereignty with perfect confidence as to our future destiny. The people of the United States cherished liberal traditions. They had bathed their territory with their blood in order to abolish slavery. They had consistently preached to the world that humanity, liberty, and democracy were the only principles upon which a just government could rest. Therefore, we had full faith that this nation would endow Porto Rico with the liberty, democracy, and justice it professed.

Already, in 1897, Porto Rico had received from her mother country, Spain, an autonomous constitution; the distinguished statesman, Sigismond Moret, had proclaimed, in his celebrated address at Saragossa, that the civilization of Porto Rico entitled her people to govern themselves, and the Spanish Cortés declared Porto Rico a self-governing province, to be ruled by its own citizens. The Spanish flag was the only symbol of transatlantic sovereignty that remained. Consequently, when the North Americans came, we were justified in hoping, and even in

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demanding, that the rights conferred upon us by our former mother-country should at least be preserved, if not extended.

The first days of a military conquest are invariably confused and chaotic. A great thinker has said that wolves always follow the footsteps of conquerors. That is precisely what happened here. The wolves came, hot-footed on the heels of the victors. A military government was set up, absolute and supreme. All power rested in the hands of a Yankee general. Our legislative chambers were closed. New courts were set up, with soldiers on the bench. A nation that hitherto had exercised freely the right of suffrage suddenly found itself under a mediæval government, to which it must render unconditional obedience. This lasted but a short time. Unhappily, however, the next change was for the worse.

In 1900, the Congress of the United States conferred upon Porto Rico a civil government, with a legislature consisting of a senate and a lower house. There were eleven senators, six of whom were members of the Governor's cabinet, and the five others men appointed by the President of the United States. The members of the lower house were elected by popular vote; but it will readily be seen that the influence of this body upon the practical operations of government was virtually nil.

As soon as this administration was set up, a wave of revolt swept over Porto Rico. New political parties were formed, one of which was bitterly opposed to the new order. I entered public life in 1902, together with many other young men, all graduates of American universities. Almost immediately a phenomenon worthy of note occurred. The men of my generation had been born at a time when the radical parties in Porto Rico were engaged in their long and bitter struggle against our Spanish rulers. We had grown up in an atmosphere of ardent longing to be free from Spain. We believed that every patriot should insist that Porto Rico become an independent republic, like her South American neighbors. All our political thinking and theories were based on these assumptions, at the time when we departed for the United States to study in the academic halls of the great Republic.

As students in American universities, we read and re-read the nation's great Declaration of Independence, and studied sedulously its Constitution and the principles upon which its government was formed, until we almost forgot the lessons of our earlier years. We spoke English better than our mother tongue. Our whole intellectual life was Anglo-Saxon. By the time we returned to Porto Rico, just as the United States was setting up a civil government in our homeland, we had thoroughly assimilated that nation's political ideals.

Naturally, we were ardent partisans of the Americanization of Porto Rico. But our old and battle-scarred leaders started an agitation against the new government Washington had imposed upon us, and when we had leisure to review our past, and to recall our glorious Castilian origin, we joined and speedily became the leaders of that movement. It fell to us, the graduates of American universities, to voice Porto Rico's protest, to give her people a political programme, to show the logic and reason of her demands, and to become the champions of our traditions and our race.

I fancied, when I graduated, that I possessed an immense fund of political wisdom. I was filled with ardent enthusiasm for the great struggles for freedom of thought, for separation of church and state, and for the rights of man. My political standards had been formed in accordance with these doc-

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trines. But I had forgotten my soul, which still retained the memories of my Spanish childhood. The moment that my artificial student personality came into conflict with my true native personality, with the traditions of my race, as soon as I discovered that what I had learned in the United States was repudiated by the spontaneous sentiments of my heart, I realized that it was impossible to change that part of us which God has shaped with his own hand. I still cherished profound respect for all that was great and noble and just in the North American people; but my Spanish soul asserted itself. My fellow students of Spanish ancestry passed through the same experience. It seemed to us abnegation of our rights as men, apostasy to our own higher impulses, to act otherwise than as we did. So we threw ourselves headlong into the battle to rescue our indestructible heritage — our traditions, our race, our language, our religion.

It was clearly an unequal battle. A million and a quarter people, inhabiting thirty-six hundred square miles of territory, defied one hundred and fifteen million people, possessing more than three million miles of territory. But even these figures do not measure adequately the immense power of the United States, which America's leaders so confidently expected would speedily Americanize Porto Rico and demonstrate the ease with which Anglo-Saxon civilization can establish its sway over a Spanish-American people. But we were undaunted. Political delegations from North America, the pressure of North American capital, the political philosophy of that country's thinkers, the efforts of her representatives to deprive us of our civil rights and to rob us of our Spanish civilization — all these things counted as nothing against our enthusiasm, which burned the brighter after every attempt to quench it.

So we accepted the challenge of battle, although we still welcomed, small country that we were, whatever the United States could give us that did not prevent the free development of our Spanish culture. This struggle culminated in 1909. That year an effort was made to abolish the teaching of Spanish in the public schools. Our schoolmasters were ordered to give their instruction exclusively in English.

We knew perfectly well that the soul of a people is incarnated in its language. We would have preferred being without a country, to losing our native tongue. Upon this issue, we joined battle, and spontaneously my friends and I threw ourselves into the thickest of the fight. That was quite natural. But it was the children — children of six, seven, and ten years of age — who really started the revolt. They were the first to rebel. The men at the head of the government were first apprised of the resistance to substituting English for Spanish by a pupils' strike. Children refused to attend their classes unless they might be instructed in the language of their fathers and their country.

A resort to brutal measures followed. Children were expelled from the schools. Those who did not attend English classes, or who refused to be taught in that language were turned into the streets. They could not continue their studies; their future was ruined. Then we got together and founded a Spanish school, — the José de Diego Institute, — where children expelled from the public schools were received and taught gratuitously.

We next appealed to the authorities at Washington. Immediately after President Wilson assumed office, we sent a commission to that city to describe the evils under which we were laboring. The President and the leaders of his party gave us a cordial wel-

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come. A bill to confer upon us complete autonomy was submitted to Congress. Since that change could not be made immediately, Wilson sent a new Governor to the Island, to whom he gave most liberal instructions. All of the North American cabinet members were replaced by Porto Ricans.

At last we were given an autonomous régime. We elected our first independent legislature. My party, the party that championed a free Porto Rico, won in practically every precinct. The moment they had an opportunity to express their will, the Porto Rican people voted for liberty.

Then came the War. At the instance of the Administration, a bill was brought into Congress establishing compulsory military service, but expressly excluding Porto Ricans from this provision. Porto Rico protested at once, and insisted that her soldiers also should be sent to the battle fields of France, and should share both the sacrifices and the glories of our national victory. Her protest was heard. Our Island, with 1,300,000 inhabitants, mobilized 140,000 soldiers, among whom there was not a single deserter. We witnessed the unusual spectacle of a people, not themselves entirely free, ready to die for the freedom of another nation, even though it were under the flag of a Government that refused them their full rights.

After the War was over, and Wilson left office, the new Administration at Washington adopted an absolutely reactionary policy toward Porto Rico. In place of the Governor appointed by President Wilson, we received a man who had previously been a commercial traveler, or something of the sort, in his own country. As soon as he arrived in Porto Rico, he began to denounce, in violent discourses, our national aspirations. Six hours after his inauguration, the Unionist party took up the challenge. The whole Island was aroused. The new Administration started out by dismissing Porto Rican officials, and replacing them with men from the United States.

So at present we are in a most unhappy situation, a situation likely to imperil seriously the good relations between our Island and the United States. The people of Porto Rico are more resolved than ever to resist such a reactionary policy, and are courageously confident that their protest will eventually be heard and their rights respected.

We cannot hold the noble people of North America responsible for the reprehensible deeds of an unjust and incompetent Governor, who has used the powers entrusted to him to serve men that are enriching themselves by oppressing a helpless community. The Porto Rican people rest their hope in a nation whose cemeteries in France are symbols of its love for liberty. We cannot conceive that the people of the United States, after liberating Poland and restoring Bohemia, will refuse freedom to Porto Rico, and thus create an Ireland in America.

What lesson does the recent history of Porto Rico, which we have here so briefly traced, teach to the Spanish-American nations? In the first place, that there are no grounds for fearing the results of the contact of Anglo-Saxon and Spanish civilization. That is the fundamental lesson. Marvelous progress in industry, science, and commerce, and a successful pursuit of riches are not, exclusively, the patrimony of the Anglo-Saxons. But our culture of two thousand years belongs to us alone.

By studying Anglo-Saxon methods and accommodating Anglo-Saxon institutions to our own ideals and temperament, we can create Spanish-American communities where all men

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are equal, where there is no hereditary privilege, where justice is unbought, where every man's home is his castle. But our efforts and sacrifices will amount to naught unless the Spanish-American nations realize that they must work shoulder to shoulder. Such a union of effort, however, means something far more permanent and enduring than our present Latin-American rallies and banquets, and our exuberant floods of sentimental oratory.

We should bear in mind that we are one hundred and ten millions of people, that we dwell in the richest and most fertile territory upon the globe, and that nearly every great modern industry depends upon us for indispensable raw materials. Let us bear these facts steadily in mind as our gaze sweeps over the immense spaces of the American continent. Then we shall comprehend what Spanish-American union may come to mean; what the future of the Spanish race in the Western hemisphere may prove to be.

HUNGARIAN RETROSPECTS

BY MASSIMO CAPUTO

From *La Stampa, April* 15, *May* 26
(Turin Giolitti Daily)

Should you chance, when in Vienna, to be passing along Landesgerichtstrasse, drop in at the Monopol Café. There, in the very heart of the Austrian capital, you will find a truly Hungarian atmosphere. The patrons are not especially fashionable or lively, but are serious men, who converse weightily and look like conspirators. The Monopol Café is a rendezvous for the Hungarian exiles who followed Karolyi, who played a more or less important part in the first phases of the Hungarian Revolution, and who still fondly imagine that a turn of Fortune's wheel will again bring them into power.

Hungary's exiles number thousands. There are said to be some thirty thousand in Vienna alone, including the Bolsheviki and the Karolyists. Only a few of the former frequent the Monopol Café. Among them is Garbai, Minister of the Interior under Bela Kun. If you ask him his private opinion about Bolshevism, he will answer serenely that he considers it the biggest folly of which the human race was ever guilty — an opinion that doubtless speaks well for his intelligence.

Among the Karolyists are many distinguished and attractive men: former cabinet ministers, professors, lawyers, and journalists. Horthy's Government has driven them into exile, although they were among their country's most eminent intellectual leaders. Horthy claims that their presence in Hungary would endanger public order; and from his point of view he is right. Conspiracies are less dangerous abroad than at home.

Michael Karolyi wanders from one European capital to another, while

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judicial proceedings have been started at Budapest to confiscate his vast estates.

He is charged with high treason, for having turned over the government to Bela Kun. If he were actually guilty, he would deserve any punishment likely to be inflicted on him. But Karolyi, to tell the truth, has been basely calumniated — even in Italy, whose authorities expelled him as a Bolshevik, though I was told personally at Rome that the charge was known to be false.

Undoubtedly Michael Karolyi committed grave blunders when he was at the head of the Government. He was too yielding, and also in too great a hurry to introduce democratic institutions. But he never voluntarily turned his authority over to Bela Kun. That Bolshevist leader took possession of Hungary without anybody's leave or consent. He had just escaped from the prison where Count Karolyi had confined him, and he had the psychological aid of an imaginary army of one hundred thousand Russians, said to be lurking in the Carpathians, ready to pounce upon Hungary in order to convert it to Bolshevism. Michael Karolyi made the mistake of remaining for a time in the country, as president of some obscure economic organization, until, scenting danger in the air, he considered it prudent to leave. But meanwhile, he was branded a Bolshevik and regarded with horror by civilized people generally.

Let me recall to my readers that this happened at a time when Europe was still struggling under the incubus of an abnormal war-psychology, and stood face to face with the first formidable tasks of peace and reconstruction. The public and its rulers had more important things to do than to unravel all the refinements of culpability and guilt of the president of a tiny republic in Central Europe. So the world said: 'Karolyi's a Bolshevik, and there you are.' Later, Horthy's Government thought it expedient to cultivate this opinion, and started a penal action against the former magnate.

Hungary hoped to be remade by the revolution of October 1918. She expected to be changed overnight from a country with one of the most aristocratic and reactionary constitutions in Europe to a democracy. She set about sweeping away every vestige of her old mediæval institutions, under which the clergy and the nobility still preserved their ancient and outgrown privileges. The duty of the day was to make Hungary a liberal republic, and to establish good relations with the other succession states of the old Austro-Hungarian monarchy. In addition, land reform was urgently needed. This remains the basic domestic problem in Hungary to-day. It was proposed to expropriate the great landowners, and to divide their estates into small freehold farms.

Jaszj, a former university professor and minister in Karolyi's Cabinet, said to me: 'Our Administration made an honest effort to carry out these reforms. But the violent dismemberment of the country; the relentless blockade; the narrow vision and the hostility to democracy shown by the Entente missions; the separation of large bodies of Hungarians from the rest of the nation by arbitrary frontiers; the violation of the Armistice agreement; the complete disorganization of the old army; the infiltration of a horde of returning prisoners from Russia, all more or less infected with Bolshevism; the material distress of the people in our larger cities; and the Entente's cynical repudiation of Wilson's principles, and especially of his idea that people should be allowed to determine their form of government by a free

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expression of their will at the ballot-box, produced a situation that made it impossible for Karolyi's Cabinet to withstand the unscrupulous Bolshevist propaganda, supported as it was by Russian gold.'

Hungary's two main problems to-day are the question of the monarchy, and the recovery of her lost citizens now living under other flags. With regard to the first, let me point out that the Hungarians formerly cherished a long-standing and cordial hatred for the Hapsburgs. Kossuth advocated dethroning them. Only recently have they enjoyed some popularity, for reasons too complex to be explained in detail. Had not a series of unwise measures and blunders — I do not say precisely those Oscar Jaszj enumerates — destroyed Karolyi's influence, his Republican Party might have gained new recruits, captured the popular imagination, and won the support of public opinion; so that republican institutions might have been peacefully established.

Had this occurred, the solution of the second question would have been greatly simplified, and we might not have had in Central Europe to-day a Little Entente armed to the teeth, and a Hungary isolated and quiet merely because she does not dare for the moment to move. Of the ten million inhabitants or more that Hungary has lost, only two and one half millions are Magyars. The others are Rumanians, Czechs, Serbs, and other alien peoples.

Hungarian irredentism, however, no longer refers to population, but to territories. Hungary demands her old physical integrity. Therefore her present irredentism is Imperialist. Karolyi and his party repudiated outright these militarist aspirations, and recognized that Hungary had no right to include within her boundaries several million people of alien blood. Therefore, the Karolyists asked for the return to Hungary of only those territories that are inhabited by Hungarians. Furthermore, Karolyi proposed to secure this restoration by measures diametrically opposite to those championed by the bold and bellicose defenders of the present Government. He consistently opposed an attempt to secure these ends by force. He proposed to establish good relations with the neighboring Powers, and to obtain a readjustment of frontiers by friendly agreements and arbitration, so that no large body of people of any race and tongue would be forced to dwell permanently under a foreign flag. In addition, he advocated a tariff union of the Central European states. He still pins his faith to an international policy of reason and justice, while the present Government pins its faith to force.

Present probability points to the evolution of Nicholas Horthy's regency into a monarchy. Probably a Hapsburg will occupy the throne. It is impossible to say what constitutional restrictions will be placed upon the future sovereign, but it seems to me extremely likely that there will be a return to the feudal system. The unhappy Trianon Treaty has left Hungary more agrarian than ever. Deprived of most of her mines and factories, isolated from the sea, cut off from commercial outlets, her future development will be purely agrarian. She cannot bring more soil under cultivation, but she can cultivate more intensively what she has. That, indeed, was what Karolyi proposed. He dreamed of a Hungarian peasant republic. Karolyi tried to express this when he presented himself to the French General Franchet d' Esperey in company with two simple peasants. This was, to be sure, a theatrical gesture. Most revolu-

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tionists are fond of stage effects. But Karolyi imagined that he was going to pay his respects to a representative of the France that gave democratic idealism to the world. Instead of that, General Franchet d' Esperey remarked sarcastically: 'Have we fallen so low, my count?'

The Magyar aristocrats quite agree with the general's opinion. They are more interested, however, in preserving their estates than in setting up a royal court or maintaining the social privileges of their rank. It was with these material interests in view, that they fought to restore Charles, and that they will now fight to place the Archduke Otto upon the throne.

Karolyi's ideal was generous and noble, but is likely always to remain a mere ideal. The ablest and most efficient of Karolyi's followers live in exile, and his party in Hungary has dwindled to insignificant dimensions.

'We inspire more fear in Horthy's Government than do the Bolsheviki,' a prominent Karolyist said to me at Budapest, 'because we stand for a programme that is modern and essentially just and right. The present Government has repudiated and scorned that programme. We are helpless.'

I recall that, when I asked a foreign representative of the present Hungarian Government whether a Karolyist Republican Party still survived in his country, he replied: 'There are no more Karolyists, and if there were, they would not dare confess it.' They do not dare, you will understand, because Ivan Hejjas, the partisan leader, has served his country all too well.

However, Count Karolyi is still fighting. Recently he and his former associates in the government published a democratic manifesto to all the world, and he is seeking aid and comfort from the Little Entente. Meanwhile, he leads a life of privation, and almost of destitution. His property has been sequestrated, and Count Michael Karolyi, ex-President of the Hungarian Republic, and formerly one of the wealthiest magnates of the realm, occupies with his wife and children two miserable rooms in Prague. Countess Karolyi arises early in the morning, to do the modest marketing for the family. She stands in line with women of the working classes, waiting her turn to buy milk. Meanwhile, Karolyi, deserted by many of his friends, sees the prospect that his political dreams will be realized daily growing less. He is writing his memoirs, which will soon be printed by a great English publisher.

It is a sad sign of distrust in the future, when a man still so young, ambitious, and full of initiative as Michael Karolyi sits down to write his memoirs. An autobiography usually means, for the man who writes it, the final labor of an active life.

In the cozy reception-room of an old house in Budapest, a friend related to me one evening the deeds of Hungary's ancient heroes. Through the window I watched the first shadows of evening descending upon gray Pest. Below, the calm tawny Danube lost itself in the dusky remoteness of the Hungarian plains. To the right towered the massive royal palace, in the vulgar architecture of a fashionable, summer-resort hotel. The pointed towers of the white quay of the fishermen, beneath, suggested minarets. As my friend related many valiant, heroic, and romantic deeds of old-time Hungary, evoking before my eyes the glories and the defeats of centuries, a bronze bust in the back of the room reflected dimly the failing light of the dying day; it represented an almost fleshless face, inexorably severe, with a roughish beard, huge aquiline nose, keen eyes, and mo-

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bile lips closed as if denying a petition. My companion interrupted his conversation to glance at the bronze bust, and say: 'Stephan Tisza, the last real ruler of Hungary, its ruler for thirty long years, a Hungarian to the bone, as inflexible as destiny, as courageous as the heroes of legends. Karolyi, Bela Kun, Horthy, will pass into history stained with infamy and stigmatized as failures. They are merely passing figures tossed momentarily to the surface by the tempest that stirred the Hungarian nation even to its lowest depths. But Tisza will be immortalized by his wonderful mind and his powerful Magyar will.'

Francis Joseph loved Tisza; albeit he sprang from the petty country nobility that was the backbone in the revolt against the Austrian throne in the times of Kossuth. Tisza's father fought valiantly in 1848; but ten years later he recognized that the union of Hungary and Austria was a source of strength and stability in the welter of European politics. He supported the compromise of 1867, and as a member of Parliament and as Premier, was loyal to Austria and the Hapsburgs.

Stephan Tisza followed in the footsteps of his father from the first days of his political career. All Hungary was united against him. But he stood by the Hapsburgs, forced through the army appropriations, without permitting Hungary's demands for a national flag and for the autonomy of her own forces even to be debated. In all his acts he was an inflexible despot. A conservative, even among conservatives, he monopolized power in his own hands. He could say with perfect truth, with Louis XIV: 'I am the State.'

But Hungary needed a tyrant like Tisza. The Magyars were a wild, warlike, proud people, accustomed to lording it over the Rumanians, the Serbs, the Ruthenians, and the Croats. Now they found themselves under the yoke of Austria. Vienna decided foreign policies. Vienna had supreme command over the army. To Vienna the great nobles of Hungary were forced to go, to do obeisance in the court of the Hapsburgs. Austria's supremacy over the ten nations of the Dual Monarchy rested more heavily upon the Magyars than upon any of their neighbors. They were forced to assume the air of vassals, although they felt that they were the superior race, and knew they were the mainstay of the monarchy. The Hungarian Parliament still has the reputation of being the most violent and disorderly in Europe. Yet its present fisticuffs and duels between legitimists and Horthy men are mild indeed compared with those of Tisza's times, when the members were in almost constant revolt against their Prime Minister. But Stephan Tisza defied them. Strong in the Imperial favor, he remained firmly seated in the Premier's chair, and let the billows of popular hatred break harmless at his feet.

Most unexpectedly, therefore, the year 1914 raised Tisza to the summit of popularity. The Hungarians fancied that Tisza, their Prime Minister, desired the war, and cast the die upon which hung the fate of Europe. Their pride and their warlike spirit were equally gratified. Laudations greeted him on every side. Mighty Hungary had at last called the insolent bluff of the Serbs. The Hungarians were proving now to all the world that they were the backbone of the Dual Monarchy. Stephan Tisza smiled on the enthusiastic crowds and benevolently received their homage. He shook the hands of the Honveds departing for the front.

None the less, his gloomy previsions of the future weighed heavily on his heart. One evening, upon his return to the village of Geszt, where his castle

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lies, several hundred peasants surrounded him and wished to carry him home in triumph. He remarked with profound sadness to a friend: 'Some day, perhaps, they will stone me with a fury equal to their enthusiasm now.' Tisza did not want the war.

Archduke Ferdinand, Berchtold, and the gentlemen of the Austrian General Staff were in the Black Book of Tisza. The war against Serbia, if successful, would solve the Yugoslavic question in grand style; that is, it would add largely to the Slav population of Hungary, and correspondingly weaken the weight of the Magyars in the councils of the monarchy. More than that, Tisza foresaw the uncertain outcome of a general European war; he feared the vast armies of Russia pressing against the Hungarian frontier; he realized intuitively the devastation and ruin that such a conflict would leave in its wake. For this reason, Stephan Tisza was one of those who drew a sigh of relief when Archduke Ferdinand was struck down by the assassin's bullet at Serajevo.

However, the heir to the throne had not labored in vain during the years preceding his death. Berchtold, Conrad, and a whole corps of fire-eating politicians and generals were in the seats of power at Vienna. Tisza found himself alone in his fight against their Napoleonic projects.

The first step that these gentlemen took was to surround the trial at Serajevo with profound secrecy. Press correspondents, to their great indignation, were forbidden to report the proceedings. Today, when the facts are better known and diplomatic documents are available, we may conclude with assurance that, even though Serbia may have been Russia's long-arm against Austria, Vienna did not believe she had a clear case at Serajevo that would justify a declaration of war against her southern neighbor. It was obvious that Austria's representatives were plotting some deviltry behind their veil of secrecy.

As early as the first Crown Council of July 7, 1914, Stephan Tisza saw what Berchtold had in mind, and prepared to oppose vigorously his plan for a war. This Council, which was attended by the army chiefs, as well as by chiefs of state, divided immediately into two parties. All but one of the members wished to send Serbia, offhand, an ultimatum tantamount to an immediate declaration of hostilities; Tisza, standing alone, insisted that, while harsh conditions must be imposed on Serbia, they should not be absolutely impossible of acceptance. He argued that if the Government at Belgrade yielded to the milder demands he advocated, the Vienna ministry would win a diplomatic victory that would restore the prestige of the country before all Europe. If Belgrade refused, then Austria-Hungary would have a plausible justification for declaring war. But Tisza's opponents maintained that a diplomatic victory would not serve their purpose. They laid great stress on Germany's support, and laughed at the spectre of a general European war. Tisza, forced to give way, still insisted that, in case of a war and a victory over Serbia, the latter country should not be destroyed, but should merely lose certain territories.

It was finally decided to refer the matter to the old Emperor. Berchtold personally took the communication to Francis Joseph; and on the eighth of July he sent Tisza, who had already returned to Budapest, the famous telegram of the German Ambassador at Vienna, Tschirschky, in which Germany took an attitude adverse to any concessions by the Dual Monarchy to Serbia. In his letter to the Emperor, Tisza laid stress upon his recommenda-

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tion: 'Let the conditions imposed upon Serbia be harsh, but not such as she must inevitably refuse,' adding: 'After a conscientious study of the political situation, and after considering the economic and financial ruin, the suffering and the sacrifice, that inexorably follow upon the heels of war, I cannot bring myself to share in the responsibility for such an attack on Serbia as is proposed.'

But in the end Tisza had to yield. Everyone was in favor of a war. If any hesitated, it was probably the old Emperor himself. One of his aids-de-camp told me personally that when Serbia refused the ultimatum, and a declaration of war had become inevitable, the Emperor was tremendously upset. As if he already foresaw the coming conflagration that was soon to light up the whole horizon of Europe, Francis Joseph wrung his hands, exclaiming: 'I have been deceived; I was assured that the war would be localized in Serbia, and that the other powers would remain neutral.'

Crushed and broken, the Eastern Army rolled back from the Piave. Archduke Joseph issued an order of the day, in which he said that he, a Hungarian, would lead the troops of his country home. So the Magyar regiments hurriedly withdrew from Italy, and precipitated themselves, like a horde of barbarians, on their own country. Four years of war and hunger and suffering had aroused all the beast in their bosoms. An orgy of license and violence broke out in Budapest, where the troops returning from the front and war prisoners just back from Russia abandoned themselves to wild excesses. The maddening fever of revolution spread through the masses. Michael Karolyi was raised to supreme power on the shoulders of the populace. It is not true that he wished and ordered Tisza's death. Though old enemies, who had previously fought a duel, they were not the men to descend to the assassin's blow to disembarrass themselves of their foes. Tisza's death was the result of a conspiracy of Bolsheviki and deserters, who aimed to set up immediately a government on the Moscow model.

On October 31, 1918, the Karolyist revolution was in full swing. Here and there in the centre of the city, Karolyists were still encountering occasional resistance from the gendarmes of the old Government. Shooting could be heard in all parts of the city. Crowds of disbanded soldiers had gathered in front of Parliament House, of the Government office, and in the squares. Their attitude grew more threatening, and as the disorder increased one frequently heard the shout: 'Death to Tisza!'

The Prime Minister remained quietly at home, not because he was afraid, but to calm the fears of his wife and granddaughter. Tisza personally was quite unconcerned. He knew what was coming. Already the revolution had swept the city, and the populace and the troops were shouting vengeance against those whom they held responsible for the war. In their minds, Tisza had been its champion; Tisza had plunged the country into its terrible disaster. Tisza must die. Meanwhile, their victim waited, with the resignation characteristic of his stern, inflexible, Calvinist mind.

It was about seven o'clock, and a rainy evening. Two hundred people, more or less, gathered in front of his house. Utter silence prevailed. Finally, a few hesitating assassins summoned up courage to enter the vestibule and announce that they wished to speak to Tisza; to speak to the man who had governed Hungary for so many years, whose strong hand had held in curb both Parliament and the people. Three

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miserable specimens of mankind were in the lead; they were his judges. They waited, rifles in hand, in the reception-room. Tisza appeared, pale but unagitated, followed closely by his wife and granddaughter. Through the half-open doors, he heard the muttering of the conspirators without, and the dull blows of gun butts striking on the sidewalk. The Prime Minister had a revolver in his hand. Pogany, one of the three men who had entered, said: 'Put down that revolver, if you do not want us to fire at those women there.'

Tisza obeyed in silence, and begged the women, with a glance of his eyes, to leave the room.

Another of the men said: 'You caused this war! You caused the death of millions of men! You ruined Hungary! There is only one punishment that suits your case.'

Someone outside stepped to the open door and shouted, in a commanding voice: 'Less talk there! Kill him!' Tisza sprang forward to strike up the man's gun, but it was too late. He fell dead; and the assassins hastened away.

A few minutes later, a representative of the Karolyist Government came to learn whether the report of the assassination was true. Karolyi later sent a wreath, with this inscription: 'To my great adversary, in token of reconciliation.' A recent decision by one of the boundary commissions has given to Rumania Tisza's native village, Geszt, where his remains are buried, in his paternal home. Thus the last great figure in Hungarian history lies interred in foreign soil.

LLOYD GEORGE AS A WAR LORD

(Concluded)

BY GENERAL SIR FREDERICK MAURICE

From the *Westminster Gazette, June 3*
(Liberal Daily)

In January 1918, the paramount fact in the military situation was that the Germans were bringing divisions from the Russian Front into France and Belgium as fast as their railways could transport the troops. To meet this situation, the British General Staff continued to press the Government to give effect to the recommendations made by the Allied Commanders-in-Chief and Chiefs-of-Staff in Paris, including Foch, in July 1917, that we should act defensively in the secondary theatres of war and bring back as many British troops as possible to France. We had at the end of 1917 not less than 1,200,000 men in distant parts, and a large number of British troops could have been sent from the East to help Haig to meet the expected German attack, without the smallest risk to our Oriental interests.

But Mr. Lloyd George was, after Passchendaele, more than ever con-

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vinced that the barrier in the West was impenetrable alike by ourselves and by the Germans, and was therefore opposed to sending more men to France. He foresaw a period of anxious defensive struggle on the Western Front, and was eager for political reasons to compensate for this by success in the East. Therefore he urged that Allenby should attack and drive the Turks out of Palestine, and forbade the transfer to Haig of any of the 100,000 British troops in that theatre of war. There was thus a direct conflict of opinion between the Prime Minister and the Allied soldiers.

Was the barrier in the West impenetrable? Was the Western Front safe? These were the questions that went to the root of the matter, and Mr. Lloyd George believed he could answer them. The Germans would certainly be able to attack in the early spring, and it was to be expected that while threatening various parts of the Allied Front they would make a great effort against one part; but they would not have any marked superiority of numbers on the Front, and it was clear that the right answer was for the defense to be placed under one commander able to decide at once as to the point of danger, and controlling ample reserves. It was now evident to the statesmen that the Versailles Council was not such an authority. Something more was necessary. What form should this something more take? The idea, still very prevalent, that Mr. Lloyd George had to struggle for unity of command against a narrow-minded soldiery is absurdly wide of the truth. The soldiers wanted a workable scheme of military command, but Mr. Lloyd George had expressed himself in the strongest terms as opposed to the creation of a generalissimo; therefore some other solution had to be found.

The Versailles Council met at the end of January 1918 to find this solution and to agree upon the main lines of the campaign for 1918. At this meeting of the Council, Mr. Lloyd George propounded his Palestine plan, which was opposed by M. Clemenceau. Eventually it was agreed, as a compromise, that Allenby should attack, provided that no reënforcements were diverted from the Western Front to Palestine. Robertson protested, as he wanted to bring troops from Palestine to France, but was overruled. Then came the question of command. After a prolonged discussion, Mr. Lloyd George's proposal to form a strategic reserve for the Western Front, and to place this reserve under an Executive Committee of the Versailles Council, composed of the military representatives of the Allies at Versailles, with General Foch as chairman, was accepted, and he came home satisfied that the Western Front was safe. Robertson again protested, after putting forward an alternative plan, and was removed from his position as Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

Now, in fact, the strategic reserve was never formed, and the Executive Committee never exercised any real functions, for reasons which I will explain. It is upon this hangs the defense of Mr. Lloyd George's policy. If, argue his friends, the Committee had been allowed to work and the reserve had been formed, the disaster to the 5th Army would never have occurred; but the Committee was torpedoed by Pétain, Haig, and Robertson. What happened? The Committee met and called upon the Commanders-in-Chief to provide contingents for the strategic reserve. Haig was asked to supply eight divisions, and replied on March 3 that he could not furnish them.

The British Commander-in-Chief was extraordinarily well served by his intelligence department, and by the end

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of February he had come to the conclusion that the main German attack would be made against his 3rd and 5th Armies. Owing to the political pressure which the French Government had brought to bear upon the British Government, he had been compelled to make a large extension of the Front of the 5th Army in relief of French troops. He had had to send five divisions to Italy in November, and had received none in return, nor had the losses of Passchendaele been made good. In default of drafts from home, he had had to break up 25 per cent of his British infantry batallions in order to find men for the remainder. In these circumstances he could not garnish his whole Front to meet the coming attack, and he decided that he could best take risks on the Front of the 5th Army, which was nearest to the French and had more room to give ground than had the armies farther North. Had he furnished the reserves which the Executive Committee asked for, these reserves must, in the main, have come from the troops which in the event supported the 3rd Army in the battle. Now Ludendorff tells us that his plan was to break through north of the Somme — that is, on the 3rd Army Front — and to use the Somme to hold off the French while he rolled up the British Army. It was only when he found that he was not succeeding as he had hoped north of the Somme, that he agreed to let the Crown Prince follow up, south of the river against the 5th Army, what seemed to be an easily won success, toward Amiens.

If Haig had let the reserves go, Ludendorff's plan would almost certainly have succeeded; for the Executive Committee at Versailles, not in as close touch with events as were the Commanders-in-Chief, after such debate as always takes place in a committee, after satisfying itself that the main attack was really against Haig, — a fact of which Pétain was still doubtful on the sixth day of the battle, — would only have released the reserves much later than did Haig. They could not, then, have arrived in time to save the 3rd Army, which would have been involved in the disaster of the 5th Army, with consequences far more disastrous.

Be it remembered that the Committee controlled only the reserves, and left the Commanders-in-Chief entirely responsible for their armies. The Versailles decision did not give Foch any voice whatever in the disposition of the troops on the Front. Had Haig sent the reserves away, he would have endangered his army, the safety of the Channel ports, and the whole Allied cause. His refusal was completely justified, and was upheld at an Allied Conference held in London on March 14, which in effect put an end to the Executive Committee on the eve of the battle.

Mr. Lloyd George repeated at Versailles the blunder he had made at Calais eleven months before. His object was to obtain unity of direction, but he desired to do this without sacrificing his own influence upon the strategy of the war. He therefore, knowing how eager the French were to take any step which would lead to control by themselves of the operations on the Western Front, forced through a plan which his experience of conferences led him to think would be accepted, without giving Haig and Robertson time to work out the military effect of the proposal.

This plan divided the forces in France still more than they had been divided before. A portion was left under the control of the Commanders-in-Chief, another portion was placed under a Committee; and command by committee has always failed in war. In this instance the Committee, being

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composed of representatives of different nations, was doubly defective. It proceeded to bargain. The French would produce so many divisions for the reserve, the Italians so many, if the British provided so many more.

The right way to approach the problem was to regard the Front as a whole, without consideration of the nationality of the troops on the Front, and to decide what parts of the Front could afford to give up reserves for the benefit of those parts which might need support, but to such a committee this was impossible. These matters, and the more technical problems of the rate at which reserves could be delivered at the Front, were beyond Mr. Lloyd George's competence, but he gave the soldiers no chance of considering them before the Committee was formed. He succeeded, however, in preserving the position he had won at Rapallo. The British representative on the Committee was to be entirely free and independent of the British Commander-in-Chief and the British Chief of the General Staff, and was to have power to issue orders to the British portion of the reserve. The Prime Minister was thus sure of being able, if necessary, to play off one soldier against another and preserve his own influence — a curious form of unity. Divided forces and divided command.

The absurd charge has been made that Haig and Pétain engaged in an intrigue to prevent Foch from controlling the reserves. In fact, Haig, on studying the effect of the Versailles decisions, found them to be unworkable, and at once proceeded to concert with Pétain arrangements for mutual support. Foch was fully informed of the results of the conferences which ensued between the two Commanders-in-Chief, and his representatives were present at the more detailed discussions between the two Staffs. It was on Haig's initiative that the Conference at Doullens, which placed Foch in control, was held; it was he, not Mr. Lloyd George, who supported enthusiastically the creation of a generalissimo, and it was he who proposed that Foch should be nominated. With that nomination, unity of command on military instead of political principles was established, and with it passed away Mr. Lloyd George's influence on strategy. The German attack was stayed, but only after we had suffered losses more terrible than we endured in any corresponding period of the war, and after the blow had fallen, all those measures were taken which Mr. Lloyd George had resolutely opposed throughout the summer and autumn of 1917.

It is, of course, true that Mr. Lloyd George accepted Foch's appointment when it was reported to him, and as long as Foch was sending troops to help us, the generalissimo naturally enough received the fullest support from our Government; but on the first occasion on which the process was reversed, when Foch called upon Haig to supply eight British divisions to help make the counter-attack of July 18, 1918, which resulted in the victory of the Second Battle of the Marne and turned the tide of war in our favor, the Government threw the entire responsibility for weakening the British Front upon Haig who insisted that, having appointed Foch generalissimo, it was our duty to support him in his plans. In a small book which I wrote in 1919, I applauded that decision as a mark of Mr. Lloyd George's courage and readiness to take risks. I have since learned that the courage was Haig's alone. The initiative, both in the appointment of Foch and in supporting him when appointed, came from the British Commander-in-Chief, not from the British Prime Minister.

When the crisis came, Mr. Lloyd George was splendid. While others

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wavered and began to give up hope, he never lost his faith in victory, and with rare energy he repaired in a few weeks all the errors of omission of the previous year. His vigor and courage in the dark days of the spring of 1918 won for him the admiration and devotion of his colleagues, of whom few knew the full story of the events which I have narrated in my previous articles.

We all of us admire the man who risks his life to save the occupants of the house which he has set on fire, and our admiration is the greater when we do not know the cause of the conflagration. It is only on reflection that we realize that the man who takes precautions to prevent fire is the more useful citizen. The sole precaution which had been taken to meet the German attack was the establishment of the futile Executive Committee, agreed to by M. Clemenceau because of Mr. Lloyd George's assurance that the British Government would go no further toward unity of command; but after the event, everything that was possible was done.

In January 1918, the Government had decided that an additional 100,000 men would meet the needs of the army. In April, 400,000 more were provided, and so the 500,000 men whom Robertson had asked for in July 1917 were found. One complete British division was brought to France from Italy and two more from Palestine. Indian battalions took the place of British battalions in four other divisions in Palestine, and the British battalions so released were used to reconstitute four shattered British divisions in France.

The Western Front had suddenly become, even in the eyes of the War Cabinet, the vital Front, and, be it noted, these measures did not prevent the overthrow of the Turk or the defeat of the Bulgar. Wisdom after the event is better than no wisdom at all, but it is a costly commodity, and we had to buy it at the price of 300,000 casualties within the space of five short weeks — that is, nearly 70,000 more than we suffered in the fourteen weeks of the Battle of Passchendaele. We lost 1,000 guns, vast quantities of stores, and were brought to the brink of defeat.

We were saved by Haig's cool leadership, by the stubborn valor of the British soldiery, by the fierce energy with which Foch filled the gap between the British and the French armies, and by Mr. Lloyd George's power of rising to heights in an emergency.

Unfortunately, immediately the first crisis was passed, Mr. Lloyd George reverted to his former methods. He had rid himself of Robertson, and he now saw a chance of ridding himself of Haig.

I come now to the events which caused me to intervene.

On April 9, on introducing the measure to extend the age of military service to fifty-one, Mr. Lloyd George stated that our armies in France were stronger than they had been in the former year, and denied that forces which might have been in France had been kept in the East. Lord Curzon, coached by the Prime Minister, made similar statements, simultaneously, in the House of Lords.

I did not know of these statements at the time when they were made, for the German offensive in Flanders began on April 9, and I was much too occupied to read speeches. On April 15 I went to France, and I there heard that the Prime Minister's statements on April 9 had aroused great indignation, as tending to throw the whole responsibility for failure unfairly upon Haig at a time when he required all the support, both moral and physical, which the Government could give him.

I promised to go into the matter on my return to London, and on April 20 I procured copies of Hansard, and then

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for the first time realized how misleading the statements of Ministers were. While I was still considering the best course to take, I read on April 24 a statement made by Mr. Bonar Law, in reply to a question in the House, that the arrangement for the extension of the Front of the 5th Army before the battle was purely a military one — that is to say, that the responsibility for the extension was again Haig's alone.

Simultaneously, I learned that a scheme for removing Haig from the supreme command in France was coming rapidly to a head. I had then handed over my work in the War Office to my successor and was awaiting appointment to a command in France. Being free, I went away for a week to the country to think quietly. I say this to show that I acted on no sudden impulse. On April 30 I wrote to the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, calling his attention to the incorrect statements of Ministers and to their effect on the army in France. Getting no reply and believing the matter to be one of extreme urgency, I decided to take the grave step of challenging publicly the statements of Ministers.

I had made up my mind that I must act alone, as I could not brief anyone without disclosing confidential information, which I would not do. I therefore communicated with no one even remotely connected with the press, and the only person in any way connected with politics whom I consulted was Lord Salisbury, to whom I told only what I had heard in France.

I repeat this, because it is still said that I was concerned in a political conspiracy. I was concerned to prevent what appeared to me to be action fatal to our cause. I believed the moral strength which the justice of our cause gave us was our chief asset, and that we should impair and even destroy altogether that moral strength if the Government, after refusing throughout the latter half of 1917 to take the steps which the soldiers had urged upon them to meet the German attack, threw the blame for the March disaster upon the soldiers, and then removed Haig. I believed that a public challenge would have the effect of making known to the whole Cabinet the facts as to the strength of our armies in France and in the East, and would stop the attacks upon Haig.

I knew that I was sacrificing a career of some promise and giving up my means of livelihood, but I believed that I was acting rightly, and that if I was right I would not suffer materially. I had no political motive and took no part in the political events which followed my letter to the press. It would have been easy for me to go to the House of Commons and coach those who were ready to attack Ministers. I stayed in the country.

The statements which I challenged were Mr. Lloyd George's of April 9 that the strength of the army in 1918 had been more than maintained as compared with 1917, that in Egypt and Palestine there was a very small proportion of British as compared with Indian troops, and Mr. Bonar Law's of April 23 that the extension of the British Front which took place before the battle was an arrangement made solely by the military authorities.

The facts are beyond dispute. The total strength of the army in France on January 1, 1917, was 1,299,000, and on January 1, 1918, was 1,570,000 but in 1918 there were included in the total strength, 300,000 unarmed British laborers and Chinese coolies, who did not appear in the 1917 figures, while the fighting troops in 1918 were more than 100,000 weaker; and between January 1 and March 21, when the Germans attacked, Haig had to disband 140 battalions for lack of men to replace the

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losses we had suffered. In Palestine and Egypt there were, at the beginning of March, 213,600 white troops and 37,300 native troops. The extension of the Front of the 5th Army was undertaken because of the pressure which M. Clemenceau brought to bear on our Government.

These being the facts, the case against Haig collapsed, although Mr. Lloyd George, handling the facts as a juggler does a pack of cards, won a political triumph. His misstatements were, I believe, in part due to his disposition to interpret facts to suit conclusions already formed, and in part to the organization with which he had surrounded himself. He had established a special Prime Minister's secretariat in the garden of No. 10, Downing Street, and this department, independent of all other Government departments, had a tendency, natural enough in the circumstances, to look for the information which the Prime Minister required, and to give to the information a color suited to his views; a process which in military matters was easy as the department had no one to tell them how to interpret figures supplied by the War Office, or to explain that unarmed Chinese coolies were not a valuable reënforcement for Gough's thin line. The Prime Minister's secretariat made it possible for him to be a dictator, but did not supply him with the means to dictate wisely.

As I have said in a previous article, with Foch at the helm Mr. Lloyd George's influence upon strategy ceased. He was the Prime Minister when victory came, therefore he was the man who won the war. He still, if one may judge from his speeches, believes that his strategy was right and the soldiers' strategy all wrong. If we are ever to be engaged in another world war, which God forbid, it is vital that the facts should be known.

Mr. Lloyd George's strength as a War Minister was his faith in victory and his power of keeping the confidence of the public. His weaknesses were his belief in his military judgment, his power of deceiving himself, his failure to understand that opportunism, sometimes successful in peace, is highly dangerous in war, and, above all, his misconception of the qualities which are required in a leader in war, and his lack of appreciation of the vital importance to a Commander-in-chief in the field of support from the Government at home. He wanted soldiers quick of wit and clever in council, and had no sense of the importance of character and determination in the field.

He could never bring himself to encourage Haig in the way in which Mr. Asquith encouraged his Commanders-in-Chief. He could never see the need for such a system of bringing the functions of the statesman and soldier into harmony as Mr. Asquith adopted. The consequences were that he missed the chance of victory in 1917, and brought us nearer to defeat in the spring of 1918 than we had ever been, while the final triumph was won by methods which he had previously opposed with all the vigor at his command.

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WILLIAM DE MORGAN AND HIS TIMES

[*The article which we reprint below appears apropos of Mrs. A. M. W. Stirling's recent book,* William and Evelyn de Morgan. *The biographer is a sister of Mrs. de Morgan.*]

From the *Times Literary Supplement, June* 22
(Northcliffe Press)

In her recent biography of William de Morgan, Mrs. Stirling quite rightly remarks that, as a writer, he was born out of due season. This could be said of any man whose first novel appeared in his sixty-eighth year. The chief grace of William de Morgan as a novelist was that he obstinately refused to be born again into due season; so that in his novels one gets that exceedingly rare thing — a fresh view of a bygone generation through the eyes of an elderly man, to whom the past was so clear in his memory and the present so clear to his perceptions that he could play the one off against the other with a charming humor. The passages that we most enjoy in *Joseph Vance*, *Alice-for-Short*, *When Ghost Meets Ghost*, and *The Old Man's Youth* are those that illustrate the look of London — the faces, the dresses, and the common phrases of sixty or seventy years ago. Into these novels he put the best of what he remembered.

One ingredient which Mrs. Stirling has incomprehensibly neglected is the mature character of her own sister, Mrs. de Morgan. She brings her before us vividly as a girl, in her earliest years a winning imp and later on an unusually gifted and determined nature. William de Morgan's parents had allowed him, good-humoredly, to drift into the career of an artist. Evelyn's parents did all they could to stifle a very much stronger conviction.

It is a note of those times that an artistic career was not considered respectable, so that the youthful Evelyn was forced to attain it by subterfuges. In a locked study, every chink in the door filled with putty, she furtively plied her paintbrush; and the bag of books that she took to the garden of Grosvenor Square contained drawing materials in a false bottom. When a drawing master was at last engaged to teach her the graceful art of painting flowers, she drove him away in horror by presenting him with a study of the male nude executed from a jointed lay figure. She worked from sunrise till evening, perpetually accusing herself of idleness and frivolity in her private journal. Yet she carried everything before her at the Slade School.

Even then she had to fight hard against the trammels of society; and the quality of her rebelliousness may be judged by her reply to the threat of a Drawing Room: 'I 'll go to the Drawing Room if you like, but, if I go, I 'll kick the Queen.' It is no wonder that Burne-Jones, on hearing of the engagement between two such bright spirits, could write, 'My dear fellow, I feel as if *I* had suggested it.'

We are told, and can well believe, that it was a perfect union — but for the thirty years of their married life Mrs. Stirling leaves our poor imaginations to supply the details of the perfection. On the subjects of Evelyn de Morgan's pictures she is copious, but she shrouds her almost completely from our view as a living character and the helpmeet of a much harrassed man.

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Of William de Morgan himself, as a character, we get glimpses rather than a continuous view. The sacred fire burnt in him, certainly, though it was not for painting. But when that inventive brain found an outlet in which art could be combined with construction, it knew no rest. Once the pottery and lustre business had begun, he poured his whole self into it.

> At all times so absorbed was he in creating and supervising that he would forget all besides. Reminded that it was long past his dinner hour, he would rush off to the nearest baker's, buy a piece of bread, and returning in haste would eat it absently while continuing his examination or direction of the work going on around him. This absorption in the creative and constructive part of his business involved a corresponding indifference to its prosaic side, and it is said that more than once he forgot to sign the checks when he paid his men.

Intensely energetic in action, he was devoid of commercial acumen and constitutionally careless in money matters. One of his workmen records that when the factory was being moved to Merton, 'he could n't stand the bother of packing. He just sat on a chair and put a hammer through dishes worth £2 10*s*. and £3, at the same time saying, "Go on, boys, help yourselves!"' He would carry through a commission at a financial loss, and only express humorous surprise when the balance sheet appeared. In 1900 he wrote from Florence: 'The check has arrived — and I 'm delighted. For I had exactly ten cents in the world, and two more halfpenny papers would have reduced me to beggary!'

It is at times like these that the record of an eyewitness would have been precious. The vivacious lady who would have kicked the Queen did not, one may be sure, submit tamely to the kicks of fortune.

Yet the trial stood William de Morgan in good stead; had he not endured the test, Joseph Vance would not have been born. Without the sweetness of character that survived so long a struggle, the humor that lightened every burden, and the optimism that led him to regard all mortal existence as 'somehow good,' William de Morgan could never have entered on his last phase. Till the end he remained the same sunny lovable being who exchanged cockney letters with Burne-Jones, and who, in the recent war time, blew the windows out of the Polytechnic laboratory as light-heartedly as he set a chimney on fire with his first kiln.

An engaging serenity irradiates the whole of his literary work, making even its less successful passages tolerable, and holding an impatient reader contented while, with absorbed deliberation, he lingers over every detail of his elaborate and melodramatic constructions. This quality, shining through humor and pathos alike, can only be the reward of a life well lived. Through it he found success when his life appeared to lie in ruins. The young man's old age was as bright as one of his own lustres, but it won, and still wins, our hearts because that brightness was turned upon the old man's youth, illuminating through an enchanting haze that little while ago which stands, even now, in the shadow between history and experience.

Regret for old times is the organ-point of William de Morgan's novels, and it is significant that, after various experiments in modernity and historical archaism, he returned to his looking backward. He never failed to pass on to the reader the fascination of what met his view, even in his last unfinished novel, *The Old Man's Youth*, which contains passages of intimate reminiscence as tender as any that he wrote. He was not afraid to dwell on the pathos of time's flight. In *Alice-for-Short* there is

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a typical passage wherein he reflects upon the chill that follows the first warm recognitions after long absence: —

And then in the first flush of our long-looked-for return, we and you are full of gladness, and think it will all be as it was in the days before our parting. But it is n't! The chill comes soon, and we know that our rejoicing is dying down. It won't come back, the old time, for all we swept and garnished our hearts to receive it. And then we look round at the things that be, the new young lives that have come and grown in our absence; the vacant places that were full, the houses that have been cleared away; the tenements or dwellings or mansions that have risen where they stood! And we settle down to the actual, and try to find some solace for the loss of the things that were; but perhaps, after all, if we got them back, they would seriously interfere with the things that are.

Most of William de Morgan's philosophy lies in that passage, but it was completed by a confidence, no more clearly formulated than by his Doctor Thorpe, that somehow or other, somewhere else, all the old things come alive again. He could condemn the insanitary slums and dingy cellars of old London, the dishonesty of its builders, and the impenetrability of its fogs, but he cherished its memory as tenderly as the old woman in *When Ghost Meets Ghost* cherished the model of a water-mill. He lingers over its picturesque charms, its sudden alleys, its public-houses, its accents, and its fashions: —

Those were the days of crinolines, of hair in cabbage-nets, packed round rubber-inflations; of what may be called proto-croquet, with hoops so large that no one ever failed to get through, except you and me; the days when *Ah che la morte* was the last new tune, and Landseer and Mulready the last words in art. They were the days when there had been but one Great Exhibition — think of it — and the British Fleet could still get under canvas. We, being an old fogy, would so much like to go back to those days — to think of daguerreotypes as a stupendous triumph of science, balloons as indigenous to Cremorne, and table-turning as a nine days' wonder; in a word to feel our biceps with satisfaction in an epoch when wheels went slow, folks played tunes, and nobody had appendicitis.

These are not profound thoughts, and we may all of us arrive at the age when we shall repeat our own version of them. Yet few of us will reach William de Morgan's standard of reminiscence, for he was an acute observer, and had lent loving eyes and ears to the sights and sounds of London. There is an extraordinary amount to be learnt from his novels about the London of the fifties and sixties, which it would be worth while gathering into a little anthology. Even such a minor recollection as that of Joe Vance's bus ride from Wandsworth to Hampstead is worth treasuring: —

If it had not been for the outcrop of suburban villas at Haverstock Hill, Mother Redcap would have been very nearly the limit of the town. Omnibuses thought this tavern the edge of civilization, and stopped a long time for refreshments and badinage before venturing out into the wilderness. Mine was a very slow example, and must have whiled away the best part of an hour between the Redcap and the cow pond on the left of the road facing Downshire Hill.

And Lossie's letter describing the family journey in the steam packet from London Bridge to Herne Bay, where you went along the pier in a truck with a sail, is worth cutting out and framing.

It might be said of De Morgan's eye and ear, as he went to and fro, *adhæserunt pavimento;* and he sorted these pavement notes to compare them with the notes of the next generation but one, like the fictitious narrator of Joseph Vance's life.

Even the jargon of my attendant, which I feel ought by rights to resemble that of Mrs. Packles and Feener, is as unlike as it

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can well be. When I ask her what was that row last night, in the street behind, just on to midnight, she replies that it was a *lidy* with a *biby*, fighting with another *lidy*, and both were took off to the *stytion*. Nobody had that accent in my boyhood. Even the pothouse from which the two ladies had to be removed is completely changed. In the fifties I know exactly what it was like: flaring gas-jets — huge plate-glass windows blocked with giant numerals printed on paper to show how cheaply the filthy fluids on sale would harden the livers and soften the brains of their consumers — a compo front painted with four coats of stone-color, two flat and two round, every three years — all woodwork ditto in Brunswick Brown — not because it was the George the Fourth, but because that brown was a good out-o'-door color — and a flamboyant Lion and Unicorn fighting for the crown much too big for either of them on the corner of the first floor.

William de Morgan's testimony with regard to the Cockney speech of his boyhood has a special interest. In 1850, perhaps, some contemporary of Mr. Weller's was observing, with humorous internal remonstrances, that nobody in London any longer spelt it 'with a wee.' Now, Christopher Vance did not spell it with a *w*, though he talked about a 'wan-proprietor.' He was a transition stage, with a certain drawl over some of his vowels — he said 'coorse' for 'of course,' and spoke of a 'stork-in-trade' — which is far off the clipped London pronunciation of to-day. His little son, Joseph — in common with the juvenile inhabitants of Tallack-street and Sapp's Court — said 'moy' for 'my' and 'loidy' for 'lady.' Here is his evidence before the magistrate on the occasion of the misunderstanding between his father and Mr. Peter Gunn: —

'Moy Father, he ordered quart o' four ale and giv' me some out o' the pot. Then he swallered off the rest, and when he come to the end he says strike me blind, he says, if there ain't a hinsect in this here pot. And he totes the hinsect out on the bar and he histes me up by the trousers for to see him. Six legs he had and wings like. And Mr. Peter Gunn he says "Crock him," he says! And moy Father he says, not if he knowed it! And Mr. Peter Gunn he crocks him hisself. And then my Father he fetches Mr. Peter Gunn a smack over the mouth.'

He did not say, be it observed, 'a smack over the marth,' as he would have done to-day. There is, in fact, evidence in several of these novels that the extreme debasement of vowels now obvious in London's speech is a comparatively recent depravation. That it can be due to Twopenny Tubes and appendicitis is hardly tenable, but it seems to have come in their train by a process that is not discernible. Mrs. Stirling records that William de Morgan probably studied the mental and phonetic peculiarities of Christopher Vance from those London workmen with whom he was in the closest and most friendly relations; and there is other evidence in her memoir that he was a connoisseur of the local dialect. In the circle of young men wherein the closest friendships of his first manhood were made, it was apparently the fashion, introduced by Rossetti, to talk slang as a comic relief to the seriousness of their ideals. Burne-Jones particularly excelled in the impersonation of a kind-hearted illiterate, and his letters in this vein, such as the one beginning, 'do you remember a frame i likt at your house it wus a frame from florrence it wus a nice one and i likt it,' are delicious. All of which goes to show that De Morgan's reproductions of London's language are to be taken seriously, perhaps more so than those of Dickens.

Another thing about London which William de Morgan remembered very accurately, and with some disgust, was the waste of time at the Academy Art School. He used his own experiences freely both in *Alice-for-Short* and in *The Old Man's Youth*. There is much

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humor in this preservation of a state of affairs now so entirely vanished, for if Mr. 'Opkinses still exist, their futilities, we imagine, can no longer be laid at the door of perfunctory Visitors. Mr. Jerrythought in *Alice-for-Short* is a less kindly satire than usual on the Impressionist School which De Morgan heartily disliked; but Mr. 'Opkins, drawn from the same original, is a jewel, with his dodges for attaining all the high qualities of art without industry, and his cockney fluency in expressing them.

'And his advice was, the minute you had got your work marsed in ackerate, redooce it. Then, when it was reg'lar dry, and no mistake, you took it up and worked in the Expression. The Feelin' would come of itself. . . . As for Quality, you could n't expect that. These old beggars all had Time on their side, and we poor Moderns were helpless in the hands of Contemporaneousness.'

So Mr. 'Opkins — while Mr. Jerrythought brought to extreme perfection the art of never retouching. Yet even these incompetents are included by William de Morgan, one feels sure, in the glamour of the old times, together with the plausible and wasteful builders who indulged in that horrid crime, on which he more than once dilates, of cutting new bricks in two when they wanted bats.

At the same time, it is a little surprising that among the incompetent or insufficient artists in his novels he should have found no place for a true one. Not only were Burne-Jones, Rossetti, and William Morris his close friends, but there was a devoted artist painting by his side during the whole of his married life; for Evelyn de Morgan, though disdaining publicity and profit, followed indefatigably the path of allegorical painting along which her own inspiration led her. Yet while his wife, with a brilliant brush, was drawing those spiritual forms of angels and abstractions, the children of her æsthetic visions, the novelist, copiously transcribing life on a conversational level, left this manifestation out of his picture.

And this reflection brings up the whole bevy of William de Morgan's delightful young ladies, with the confession on their charming lips that none of them was drawn from Mrs. de Morgan. At the sight of them all — Lossie, Janie, Peggy, Sally, Tishy, Nancy, and Gracy — the notion is irresistibly conveyed that they are sisters, and that they were their creator's ideals of feminine youth.

They are the Graces of the 'old times,' when daughters were affectionately dutiful to their parents, adored their brothers, and went into ecstasies over every baby. They look best in ringlets and crinolines, for they belong, no less clearly than Feener, to the old man's youth. Their roses bloomed in happy domesticity, except when they lent their fragrance to neglected slums — the one extra-mural occupation to which they were addicted. They brought sunshine with them into every room, and all right-minded young men, particularly doctors, adored them. When they were called Lossie and were aged fifteen they were impelled by the spirit of their age to kiss on sight nice little plumber's boys who looked quite clean; if Peggy Heath was their name, they called their portly Victorian father 'Pappy dear,' and took 'Alice-for-Shorts' to their bosoms, so that the said Alices might develop into Graces with equally engaging attributes.

These divinities of the old man's youth loved everybody, and everybody loved them; and how could this exchange of love have been avoided, when they rattled on so artlessly in conversation, and when they wrote letters, rattled still, as vivaciously as they talked, over quires of notepaper? They

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had no discontents; they wanted neither votes nor latchkeys: indeed, why should they, since they invariably got round their stout and fussy mothers, and their whimsical fathers, by sheer amiability? Their creator, it seems, must have worried little about the problem of heredity, for he took a broadly humorous view of the heads of families, youth that he was, never doubting that the eternal Potter could fashion perfect vessels out of such common clay.

When, for the purpose of variety, William de Morgan was compelled to admit the possibility of blemish in young women, he handled it gently. But for this tenderness toward the young he revenged himself upon the elderly. Except — speaking metaphorically — 'in the purer air of Seven Dials,' he could conceive no attractive female character over forty. It is either Aunt Izzy, the typically tiresome old lady, who made her unbelieving brother say grace on board the Herne Bay packet — 'It may be the last time you will ever say grace, Randall'; or Mrs. Heath, who complained that nobody told her anything; or Lady Arkroyd, who was an aristocratic version of Mrs. Heath; or Mrs. Eldridge, the vulgar and accomplished mischief-maker, who is the one triumph of that unequal story, *It Never Can Happen Again*. In a letter quoted by Mrs. Stirling, a stranger — one of many — wrote to the novelist: —

> Somehow you have the knack of making one feel at home with your characters, especially the girls. Only it seems to me that your experience with old ladies must have been unfortunate, for nearly all your elderly ladies are exasperating. Your fathers are nice, and your sisters just perfect, but I wish you knew a real living unselfish old lady to be somebody's mother in your next story.

But William de Morgan did not see things that way: he could only regard sympathetically a character whom he admired or pitied. He admired his Lossies and Janeys, and pitied, quite inexhaustibly, his Aunt Pictures and Mrs. Marrables; but it was typical of the old man's youth that well-to-do and respectable people became, in his eyes, either tiresome or comic as soon as the enchantment of youth had passed away. We are never allowed to see his divinities grow old, but we guess that, if fate were kind to them, they died young.

Dickens, his master, may have influenced him in this respect, but William de Morgan was less tender to middle-class age than Dickens. Mr. Wardle's mother was tiresome and garrulous, but she was tenderly treated by Mr. Pickwick and his creator. In De Morgan's novels, the beloved mothers are nearly all dead before the story opens.

Nevertheless, if in certain respects William de Morgan's character-drawing is open to criticism on the score of verisimilitude, he made ample amends in other directions. The store of picturesque detail laid up in his memory was so vast that he has left us a picture of life's daily round in those old days, complete, up to the confines of Mayfair, in all its circumstances. The 'champagne standard' he did not know well, but in the beer, gin, and claret standards he was a past-master. The minds of men who did odd jobs held no secrets from him, and he read the gutter-child like an open book. The accumulations of benevolent but shrewd philosophy and of human kindliness which he found among them are his real testimony to the goodness of the 'old times.' Convinced that they were incapable of improvement this side of heaven, he was not driven to personify abuses in a Squeers, a Fagin, or a Mrs. Gamp. His retrospective glasses were tinted as delicately as the cheeks of his heroines, but there was no distortion in their lenses.

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THE BEAST WITH THE BARE PAW

BY ALFONSO ARINOS

[*Senhor Arinos is a Brazilian writer, famous for his studies of the folklore of his native land. His best-known book is* Pelo Sertão, *in which his skill in mingling rustic realism and a strong lyric vein finds full play.*]

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It happened in the season of Saint-Jean when the nights were cold. Inside a low cabin, squatting down on their haunches like a *caetetus* in a grotto, two old negroes bent over a tripod full of glowing coals. The smoke would have made the air unbreathable for anybody except these two old blacks. With their eyes fixed on the incandescent carbon, as if the coals evoked reminiscences that held them both absorbed in meditation, they seemed to carry on a kind of mute dialogue. Only at long intervals did an occasional brief phrase escape to break the silence.

The cabin door was too low for a man to enter upright. Whoever wanted to come in had to bend down low and poke his head in after a curious fashion, as if to surprise some savage animal in its lair.

Through the doorway, standing always open, came puffs of cold air that stirred the smoke and every now and then drove a little burst of sparks from the blaze. At such moments the long face of Quindanda's companion puffed out, as if he had thought to laugh and suddenly changed his mind; and then, as if to express some fancy roused in him by the sparks, João Congo would say loudly: 'Little girls coming from school.' Quindanda would make no reply at all, but after a little while, as if he wanted to take up the subject anew, he would address his comrade in the language of the Coast.

Both had originally come from the same part of Africa, and now they were alone. They had belonged to the same tribe and had been governed by the same *toba*. Quindanda, when he talked to the white men, told them he came from royal blood; and he regarded himself with conviction as a prince in his own right. He groaned with sincere regret over his lost seraglio and ebon-colored odalisques.

Outside, on the bosom of the night, the glowworm wandered back and forth and vibrated in space to the musical accompaniment of the crickets. Cows taken from their calves lay on the ground, chewing their cuds, with their great gentle eyes fixed in the shadow, lowing from time to time. Still others, more resigned to the separation, moved slowly out from behind the great hedge to browse here and there for tender, chilly tufts of *cotingue*. It was a large farmyard, with white patches, formed by the sleeping cattle, scattered here and there and with dark patches where the willows stood.

Quindanda's cabin stood opposite a large open plain, across which stretched the long row of slaves' huts. A feeble starlight shone through the dark, like the whiteness of a chapel. On the edge of the open space stood some cactuses,

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whose pointed shadows stopped the passer at a distance. Except for the two negroes, huddled over the fire, there was no trace of a human being anywhere.

'Are you dreaming, *pé Zan?*'

'Thinking of life, Quindanda.'

Again they plunged into meditation and silence. Quindanda clutched above his body the coarse woolen shirt and the red cloak, while João Congo, laughing without knowing why, displayed two rows of white teeth, gleaming in the firelight.

'Are there potatoes to eat, Quindanda?'

'None. Only manioc and honey. There is the calabash hanging on the nail.'

While they ate and drank their tongues were loosened, and João Congo fell to telling stories of the old time, the time of the old master, the father of the master who was living now and who was himself advanced in age. Suddenly they stopped, looking at each other. João Congo lifted his finger in the air, while Quindanda, clearly perceiving the terrible memory that had burst upon their souls at the same time, stammered, his voice coming in gasps: 'I know what you are thinking. Holy Cross! Ave Maria! Our Father in Heaven deliver me from the Beast with the Bare Paw!'

João Congo muttered an incantation about the Beast with the Bare Paw, and they got up to peer through the low doorway into the lonely silence of the night. Then, as if some happening of long ago had come back to his mind, he began: 'It happened over there, on the edge of the big square.'

He squatted down on his haunches again. Little, thin, with a wrinkled face, a burned and furrowed skin as wrinkled as a ripe pomegranate, Quindanda seemed even older than his companion. Tall and thin, his face prolonged by a sparse rough beard, Congo had in his red eyes and face and his suspicious smile something to remind one of an astute and experienced wolf. Little by little, through his tightening throat, he found the courage to tell, sometimes in the language of the Coast, sometimes in the Portuguese patois of the negro slave, the terrible story. Quindanda rolled himself in a ball like an old cat by the cinders, which made his deep eyes gleam in the smoky cabin.

How many years had passed? They could not say. It happened in the time of the old master, the father of the old master of to-day. In those days the road of the convoys passed the big doors of the *fazenda*, the road of the Emperor, going toward Villa Rica, and opposite it was a spacious rancho covered with tiles. Many people dwelt there because of the Chapel of Our Lady of Pillar, and also because it was on the 'edge of the fields' — a name which still was applied to the fazenda. What a jolly place it was for a wide-awake little negro boy, such as João Congo used to be in those days. Ah! the passage of the convoys with their tinkling bells, and the song of the muleteers down below in the plain on a clear day.

'May God give healing to those who suffer long regrets,' the old master used to say sometimes, when after a long time had gone by he would stop at the great gate and see the rancho deserted, the road neglected, and the weeping willows bending their dangling foliage lower and lower toward the soil, weeping without ceasing for those whom the earth holds.

One day — it was about noon — a young man from the outside appeared at the fazenda, riding a dark mule that was shod on all four feet. He spent a long time with the old master, Colonel José Ayres. What they talked about

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had nothing to do with any negro, still less with a little pickaninny such as Congo was then. But even little negro boys are good for something, and you can see a proof of that in the fact that the Colonel called João Congo toward evening, and asked him if in the space of two rosaries he could carry a letter to Father Rodrigues, the priest, who lived almost a league away. The Colonel was serious, and the little negro boy wanted to get on in the world. He aspired to be the Colonel's page, and he seized the occasion to show what he could do. That was why he replied: 'If master orders, two rosaries is time enough.'

'Then take this letter and carry it to the Father. Bring him here; he will come this very day. The weather is favorable, and he knows the road well. At pudding-time, when the night falls, I want the priest here. If he cannot come, don't wait. Off with you!'

Congo did not make him speak twice. Instantly he was on the road — across an uncultivated plateau where aromatic grasses grew and where the wild pigs were grunting. Without much hesitation, he left the bridge across the little river at the end of the marshy fields, passed beyond the ravine, and started to climb the steep slope.

It was at this moment, when he was going through the scant underbrush on the slope, that his eyes perceived something that he was never to forget — the Beast with the Bare Paw! He was going along in high spirits and had just reached the other side of the hill when he fell in with this beast of the devil.

You might have said that it was a *suçuarona*, or perhaps a wolf. At any rate it could not have been a bear. Perhaps it was the demon himself in the flesh.

In a clump of grass and bushes the animal — or what seemed to be an animal — was moving about and looking in all directions. He perceived the little negro and continued on his way without troubling about him. The little boy was on foot, with a sickle on his shoulder. At first he hesitated to continue his journey and paused in terror, but recovering from this first inclination, perhaps because he saw the animal turn away with indifference and continue on his way, he kept straight forward at the same rate he had been going. He was able to look closely at this strange beast — something that happens to very few people. It had light yellow hair, like that of the red jaguar, a long flexible tail, and the line of its haunches was shining black. It was like a wolf of very great size; you might have compared it with a young calf for size. The head was round rather than long, and what astonished the little negro boy was that the animal did not trot or run like a wolf, but galloped on three paws, *and one of the paws in front was quite bare and twisted back.*

Was this the work of some human sorcerer or was it the witchcraft of the animal itself? From time to time it turned its head back toward the little black boy to see whether he was following. The sun still touched with its rays the tops of the bushes before it sank below the horizon. The afternoon was calm and clear everywhere over the open countryside, but the little negro felt himself fascinated by the beast's eyes.

What kind of devilish influence was there in them? They gave forth a light like blazing fire, smiling and menacing at the same time, and they seemed like a summons to some terrible mystery. Congo never stopped forcing his way through the bushes, climbing down ravines, scrambling along in the tracks of the Beast with the Bare Paw.

But daylight does not last forever. It would have to end soon in the bosom of a moonless night. The time of two

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rosaries would have run out long before João could reach the home of the priest, and yet the little negro boy found himself in a side path and knew that he must have left the main road. He followed a footpath on the down slope of a ridge, that wound among the underbrush in the direction of a gorge, where a cataract poured under an old log bridge. It was getting fairly dark there, for the trees were very thick, and along the torrent the mountainside rose up and up to end at last in an empty clearing. The path ran along a deep ravine full of caverns.

At this moment, the fire that flamed in the eyes of the beast seemed to burst out in sparks from his hair. From time to time it still kept turning its eyes back toward João Congo. Now the sparks in the eyes struck terror into his soul. Alone in the night, near the middle of the forest, with only branches before his eyes and that infernal beast ahead of him with fire in its hair and in its glance, little Congo gathered all his energy to overcome his terror and to escape from the fascination. He must go on. So far he had not uttered a cry, but once at the bottom of the valley he yelled with all his might and called out the names of the saints.

His voice reëchoed through the gloomy ravine, doubly dark because of the virgin forest towering about him and the moonless night. At the same time, from the depth of the gorge where the torrent roared along, burst strangled shrieks — long whistlings, sharp and loud, like tocsins of alarm to the mysterious inhabitants of these places.

As he came nearer to the old bridge, from the river João Congo saw the Beast with the Bare Paw cast a last glance at him and then, with the fire bursting from his eyes, his mouth, his head, and the point of his tail, the beast gave a tremendous shriek before hurling himself down into the cavity. The little black boy stopped short at the entrance to the bridge, for he still heard the distant shrieks of the animal.

Was the wood going to separate beneath his feet and hurl him down to the bottom of the torrent, far below? The bridge had no side rails. Who knew what stumbling-blocks the darkness might conceal. Yet he plucked up courage and, fumbling forward carefully, he got across the bridge and gained the opposite bank. There he saw once more passing before him the curved and gleaming back of the Beast with the Bare Paw, and then he began to hear from the edge of the forest the feeble groans of human beings, weak as those of a baby. The eyes of the beast no longer turned toward him as they once did, but his supple body twisted along before the little negro — still sparkling with light; and then in front of a cave that opened at the edge of the road, Congo saw the animal disappear.

He knew now that he must soon be attacked. These caves must certainly serve as the den of the terrible animal. How many companions might the Beast with the Bare Paw have? If the animal had hidden himself for a moment, no doubt it was to bring back others, which were lurking down there at the bottom of the cave.

This reflection flashed through João Congo's mind, and at the same time, he saw that in front of the cave the pathway narrowed until it was no more than a thin band of earth. At this place the soil had been carried away and formed a steep precipice, covered with vegetation. At its bottom flowed a thin stream of water, which suddenly became a torrent beneath the old bridge.

There was no doubt about it: this was the place where the Beast with the Bare Paw had his den, and there, at the first spring, Congo would go tumbling to the bottom of the precipice. He

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would have to draw back now, unless he was to die stupidly, helplessly, without a chance to defend himself. Now he saw the head of the Beast with the Bare Paw peer out from the entrance to the cavern, or rather its two eyes, like flames in the darkness.

In a place like this, thought João Congo, he could trust himself only to St. Benedict and to the sickle that he carried on his shoulder. The little negro boy had scarcely time to collect himself. The Beast with the Bare Paw leaped over his head, growling furiously with its two enormous paws in the air, with its sabre claws unsheathed, its dark jaws showing its teeth. It seemed as though João Congo would find his end right there, crushed like a chicken under a horse's hoof. So it seemed, but it was not to be so because God did not give his consent.

It may seem incredible, and yet the thing happened as I tell you. There was just time to open and close your eyes. The Beast with the Bare Paw made a leap. João Congo fell down. Was the spring of the animal too hard, or had the little boy the luck to dodge beneath him? However it was, the beast went right over the precipice at the very moment when the negro boy, tumbling down the bank of the ravine, brought up among the underbrush and the roots of the trees.

He stopped suddenly. Without a fall, without a shock, and without any pain, he seemed to be at the bottom of the precipice. Was it possible? Was he alive or dead? How could he know? 'No doubt this must be death,' he thought. At any rate, it could not be worse than what his eyes had already seen.

Above him, to right and left, was the blackest darkness, not even the faint sparkle of a lonely distant star. There was dark — dark everywhere. 'This great darkness can be nothing but death,' thought João Congo to himself.

But soon something worse happened. From among the shadows, rose slowly a snarl of menace. This snarling went on and on, crescendo, and slowly the precipice, the ravine, the little brook, and the torrent, burst into shrieks, and roars, and snarls that were appalling.

Resigned to his fate, João Congo made a swift examination of his conscience, wondering what he could have done to deserve being cast into Hell. And, indeed, he found that this Hell was a good deal worse than the other one, the one that the priest had described in his last sermon on Christmas Day. At any rate, there was some company in the priest's Hell, some lost souls and some demons, whereas this one simply descended in all directions to solitude and obscurity.

In vain did João Congo carefully and with every precaution stretch out a leg, reach out an arm, trying to feel around him. His touch met nothing but emptiness. As a matter of fact, his body was hanging in a tangle of vines, swinging gently in space.

When he realized that he was dangling over the precipice, halfway from the bottom, he rubbed and blinked his eyes still more, as if he sought to see the earth below him and to know the height of his probable fall. Then, with infinite horror, he saw at the bottom of the precipice, as if waiting to devour him, the gleaming eyes of the Beast with the Bare Paw. Congo closed his eyes and gave vent to an agonizing groan.

It was bright daylight when Quindanda, sent by the old master with two other slaves in quest of the little negro boy, found him swinging from the branch of a beech tree which had pushed a limb over the ravine, tangled in a network of lianas, and dangling in the air.

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João Congo had no wounds, but his eyes, staring wider open than you could believe, and his trembling features, marked utter terror. For a long time after he had been drawn up from the edge of the ravine by their strong arms, he was silent. Quindanda struck him on the back and shook him violently, asking him in a shriek whether he was dumb or crazy. But there was no reply. At last João Congo gave a great sigh of relief, and as if he were only then recovering from the strangling terror, he shrieked:

'Hola! ho! the Beast with the Bare Paw!'

ESTRANGED

BY F. W. BATESON

[*Spectator*]

VAIN now the siren lurings; vain
The yellow-curtained cottage light.
Austerest moods are mine this night
And aching clangors of the brain.

Whence well these looming whims to-day?
Truant from what primæval sleep
Mind's flapping pterodactyls creep?
Will cock-crow scare these ghosts away?

Not lonelier the weathervane
Than lonely I; not Chanticleer,
Immortal bellman, still a-peer
For strutting cock and dusty hen.

Body all reft, my ghost this night
Whips batlike through crooked orchard trees.
Old cronies once; now alien these
I loved. Moon's blurry lantern light

Half veils unveiling fanciful
Long barns, grey stacks; those all I knew
Now know not me. A wail, ghost too,
Flutters unechoed over all.

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THE YUGOSLAV ROYAL WEDDING

[*We reprint two articles dealing with the recent wedding of King Alexander of Yugoslavia to the Princess Marie of Rumania. The first is from the* Slovenski Narod, *a Slovenian progressive daily, and the second, a description by Albert Mousset of the city of Belgrade where the wedding took place, is from the* Journal des Débats.]

I

At ten o'clock this morning the cannon shots announced that the hour when King Alexander and Princess Marie were to be wedded was nearing. The streets were crowded with people headed for the Saborna church, the entrance to which was lined with rows of soldiers. Hours before the ceremony, throngs of people gathered in back of the soldiers and impatiently waited for the King's arrival.

At ten-twenty the King, in gala uniform, departed from his residence for the Old Castle, where he and Princess Marie met, the latter escorted by Prince Nicholas, her brother. Then, at ten-thirty, the procession of the wedding guests started toward the church. The sight of them is unforgetable. At the head of the column rode a detachment of horsemen in national costumes, escorting Mihaljo Sibalja, the royal standard-bearer, grandson of Jovan Sibalja, the Montenegrin hero who had fought, together with Peter the Liberator, for the liberation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. The horsemen who followed him came from every portion of the country, clad in picturesque costumes. First rode the Croatians, on spirited mounts, followed by Upper-Carniolians (Slovenians) whose attire and horses gave rise to general admiration. The bearing of the Dalmatian riders was wonderful, while the Bosnians, with their luxuriously gold-embroidered cloaks and fezzes, their ancient-looking guns and yataghans, and their nervous little mounts, gave an Oriental touch to the scene. Beside the standard-bearer rode the marshals of the Serbian and Rumanian courts, and immediately in the rear of the horsemen was a company of trumpeters, whose trumpet blasts announced the approach of the royal couple.

Naturally, the Princess Marie was the centre of interest. Her loveliness and gentle beauty touched the hearts of the people, who cheered their admiration of her as her father's carriage and her own passed by. A great diadem crowned her glistening golden hair, over which lay a light white veil. Her dress was of gleaming white silk with a three-metre train, which was later in the church carried by three little girls — one Serbian, one Croatian, one Slovenian — in national costumes.

In front of the church, the priest-dignitaries awaited the arrival of the wedding guests, while the church itself was filled to capacity with the higher civil and military officials and the representatives of the people from all over the country. Near the altar, on the right, were gathered the Bishops and dignitaries of the several Churches, members of the royal families, and delegates of the foreign missions. On the opposite side stood members of the diplomatic corps, leaders in the Skupshtina, and the representatives of the foremost scientific and cultural institutions.

The wedding party reached the entrance to the church and after a few minutes of psalm-singing by the priests,

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the bride and the bridegroom, with their attendants, entered. Inside, Patriarch Dimitrije, arrayed in magnificent robes, blessed them with the icon, which the bridegroom and the bride kissed in turn. Thence they passed to the altar and the wedding ceremony began, strictly in accordance with the ancient Serbian wedding rules and customs. At the altar the King unbuckled his sword and handed it to his adjutant, and at the same time all the generals and other officers removed their swords.

The Duke of York, the *koom*[1], then stepped to the King, while Prince Arzen, the *stari svat* or *stareshina* (the second witness), representing President Masaryk of Czechoslovakia, approached the bride.

One of the priests handed to the Patriarch the Princess's ring for the King and the King's ring for the Princess, and Patriarch Dimitrije solemnly bade the stari svat to exchange the rings. This done, the Patriarch in the same solemn tones asked the King and the Princess whether they were willing to be married. They responded: 'Yes, Your Holiness,' and while the cannon shots boomed outside, the Patriarch completed the ceremony. He blessed a cup of wine and passed it to the King, the Princess, the koom and the starisvat who drank of it. Then the signatures were affixed to the marriage act, which was signed by the Patriarch, the King and the new Queen of Yugoslavia, the King and the Queen of Rumania, the koom, the stari svat and the *dever* (the bride's attendant).

Immediately after the ceremony and while the wedding party was leaving for the New Castle, a slight shower of rain came upon the city, and like a flash that old Slovenian proverb, 'If it rains after the wedding ceremony, the marriage shall be fruitful,' traveled through the crowds of the spectators.

The return from the church was accompanied by manifestations of loyalty from the people to the King and the new Queen, and there were many scenes of distinctive national character in front of the New Castle. There stood two rows of little Servian, Croatian, and Slovenian girls in national dress. As the youthful Queen passed by them, they 'mobbed' her with a shower of flowers and an outburst of cries: '*Zivela* our Queen!' (Hurrah for our Queen!) In the doorway stood a little boy, son of a peasant from Topola, the original home and the burying-place of the Kara George dynasty. As custom required, the Queen, lifting the boy into her arms, kissed him and handed him to the King, who also kissed him.

Across the entrance to the building was stretched a white ribbon, temporarily barring the newly wedded couple from entering it. A little peasant girl, standing there, offered to the bride a sieve filled with bonbons and wheat. The bride accepted the sieve, took out a bonbon and a grain, and, after offering it to the King, divided the rest of its contents among the wedding guests and the girls. The ribbon was removed by the 'watchmen' and the Queen was at liberty to enter her new home.

II

BELGRADE, the meeting point for river routes and continental roads in Southeastern Europe, occupies the furthest crag of a chain of mountains, running from the south to the northeast, which rise like islands from the plain. Its citadel is the last joint in a spine whose other parts are Rudnik, Kosmaj and the Avala. From there on,

[1] The principal witness of the Serbian wedding and the most important personage of the entire party. According to the custom, the koom will be the godfather of all the children of the marriage. He is generally the son, or the nearest relative, of the man who was koom to the bridegroom's parents at their wedding.

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the terrace of Kalemegdan dominates the marshy plains of Smyrna to the horizon, down which the sun sinks each evening in a haze of gold and purple. From this upland, one can perceive Zemun, which the Austrians call Semlin; Fruchka Gora (the mountain of the French); still further to the south, the mountain of the Tser, near which the Serbians won their first victory during the great battle on the sixteenth and nineteenth of August, 1914; the whole of Avala and the last northern foothills of the Dinaric mass which is soon to lose itself among the meanders of the Save river.

From Lesser Kalemegdan, an ancient Turkish cemetery, you can look down across the distant slope, the monotonous plain of the Bánát, which, in prehistoric time, was the bed of the Pannonian Sea.

Belgrade is important both for its size and the lofty situation that constitutes its military strength. In fact, the stranger who goes to Belgrade on the steamer from Zemun catches a vision of the heroic part that the city played in the annals of Eastern Europe as soon as he sees the citadel which, with its many-storied defenses, hangs over the confluence of the Save and the Danube. Very probably fortified in the fourth century, this fortress was restored and rebuilt, tower by tower, at the hands of the Romans, the Austrians, and the Turks.

Perhaps there is nowhere else in the world a rampart against whose walls so many human waves have beaten. There the men of Western Europe braced themselves against the barbarian invaders who had come from Eastern Europe or the plateaus of Asia. Attila and his Huns camped there. The Sarmatians replaced the Huns, and were themselves driven out by Theodoric and his Ostrogoths. Justinian destroyed the walls of the city. The Avars followed, who razed them once again. When Charlemagne had defeated the Avars, the French, Bulgarians, Byzantines and Magyars quarreled over the city, which, during all these changes of masters, retained its native name of 'White City' in ten different forms: Boegrad among the Slavs; Wizzenburch, to the Greeks, Weissenburg or Ferdinands-Weissenburg to the Germans; Nandor Fejervar to the Magyars; and Alba Græca in the documents of the Church.

Belgrade was visited by the Crusaders, on whose epic journeys it was a halting-place. Peter the Hermit, Gauthier sans Avoir, and Godefroy de Bouillon paused here, and in 1147 Louis VII passed this way.

Under the glorious dynasty of the Nemanjides who during three centuries held Serbia, the centre of the realm was farther to the south. The Emperor Douchan (1337–1355) had Skoplje and Prizren for his residences. King Mioutine (1281–1321) increased the commercial importance of the city by favoring the establishment here of merchants from Ragusa, the so-called Serbian Venice.

The despot, Stevan, son of Prince Lazar, the martyr of Kossovo, caused many of the buildings at Belgrade to be rebuilt and bestowed upon the city privileges similar to those which the great cities of the East then enjoyed. Under the menace of the Turkish peril, Stevan concluded a treaty with the Magyars and pledged himself to yield them Belgrade and the fertile plain of the Matchva, where the Save and the Drina join, after his death. This engagement was kept by his successor, the despot Georg Brankovitch (1427–1456), who lived at Smederevo.

In the summer of 1456, the Turks appeared beneath the walls of Belgrade, which had now become a more important advance-post of Christianity.

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But John Hunyadi, at the head of a joint army of Serbs and Magyars, inflicted a bloody defeat upon them. In 1459, after a gallant struggle, in which the Balkans heard the sound of a cannon for the first time, the last rampart of the Serbian state, Smederevo, fell, and that was the end of the kingdom of Serbia.

Since it was in the hands of the Magyars, Belgrade itself was not to fall for half a century longer, after a defense whose failure was due to disagreement between the Magyar commanders and the Serbian garrison — one example among others of the weakness inherent in military coalitions.

The Turks set themselves up here on August 21, 1521, and stayed until September 6, 1688, when Maximilian of Bavaria took it by assault; and the Turks came back two years later, when the defeat of the imperial generals led to the memorable 'exodus' of 1690, which set up a new Serbian colony at Voivodine. Prince Eugene of Savoy drove them out in 1717 after an overwhelming victory over the Grand Vizier, Kara Mustapha. He crossed the Danube near Vichnjitza, as General Koevess was to do in 1915, and the popular song that celebrates this event is therefore not completely inspired by historic truth:

Prinz Eugenius, der edle Ritter,
Wollt' dem Kaiser wied'rum kriegen.
Stadt und Festung Belgerad
Er liess schlagen eine Brucken,
Das man konnt' hinüberrucken
Von Semlin wohl in die Stadt. . . .

(Prince Eugene, the noble knight, wished once more to fight for the Emperor. He had a bridge set up at the city and the fortress of Belgrade, so that a man could go across from Semlin right into the city.)

The Austrians even had the impudence to celebrate the three-hundredth anniversary of this deed of their armies, at Belgrade, in 1917, for the date, by chance, coincided with the birthday of the Emperor Charles.

The period from 1717 to 1739 saw the Europeanization of Belgrade under German auspices, but the peace of 1739 gave the city back to the Turks. Field Marshal Laudon drove them out in 1789, but it was only for a year. On December 12, 1806, at the feast of St. Andrew, the insurgent Serbs led by Kara George, the grandfather of old King Peter I, made their way into Belgrade. The Turks seized the city again in 1813. But two years later the Serbs established a vague sort of autonomy as a subject state of Turkey, and from that trifling concession, eventually, independence was to spring.

'A prison can open but never a tomb,' runs a saying among the Serbs. Five centuries of oppression had paralyzed the national sentiment without succeeding in strangling it. For more than fifty years to come, the standard of Islam was to float over the fortress while a Serbian prince and national troops were occupying the city, and it was not until 1867 that the last Turkish troops were to quit Belgrade. They were never to return.

During the night of July 27 and 28, 1914, the Austrian searchlights were constantly playing with their gleaming beams upon the city, lighting up the bridge over the Save and the trains moving back and forth. At noon the next day, Austria declared war on Serbia, and the monitors, supported by batteries concealed in the Danubian plains or entrenched on the edge of Bejania, began the bombardment; but the evacuation of the city after a terrific cannonade took place only on November thirtieth. The Austrians and Germans waited for the birthday of Kaiser Francis Joseph (December 2) to make their entry. But the counter offensive of Roudnik threw them back in disorder

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twelve days later upon the left bank of the Save. They left behind them in the city almost all their artillery, their ammunition trains, and the *Liebesgaben* prepared for Christmas. The Serbian machine-guns were still crackling in the streets of Belgrade when King Peter with his two sons, entered the capital. It was December fourteenth — almost the very day of the taking of the city by his grandfather, Kara George. The monarch went first to the cathedral, then to the palace. Before his feet, as he came in, the black and yellow flag of Austria had been stretched out, and on the stairway the red, white, and green of Hungary.

On the eighth and ninth of October, after a bombardment of five days, the city was again attacked by the Austrians and the Germans, who went over it street by street and house by house. Five thousand men at most, mainly from the police, were defending Belgrade. In the quarter near the Danube, there was hand-to-hand fighting with the knife. The Serbians had to yield.

They were to await their hour in exile. On November 1, 1918, at ten o'clock in the morning, the first Serbian patrol again appeared before the city hall on which the people replaced the Austro-Hungarian flag with the national colors, and a month later, the regent proclaimed at Belgrade the realm of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes.

DUMAS AND MAQUET IN COLLABORATION

BY R. S. GARNETT

From the *Times Literary Supplement, June 22*
(Northcliffe Press)

Sir, — I was turning over some hundreds of cuttings from the newspapers about the Maquet-Dumas case, — turning them over in perplexity, for they serve to illustrate the extraordinary diversity of the human mind rather than explain the issues, — when I received, by a charming act of courtesy on the part of a friend in Paris, a verbatim report of the speech of M. le Substitut Tronche-Macaire, who intervened on behalf of the State. I spent a delightful hour studying this lucid exposition of the case, and now I learn through the Press that the three Judges, in giving their decision, have acted on M. Tronche-Macaire's advice in every detail.

As it appears that no one but the parties and my friend obtained a copy of the speech, — probably because it was not foreseen that it would have the importance that now attaches to it, — I will try to give your readers the essential portions, with some explanations and additions. In no country is Dumas more read than here — owing in some measure, no doubt, to the tributes paid to his talent by such critics as Robert Louis Stevenson, Andrew Lang, and William Ernest Henley. Perhaps in the annals of literature no collaboration has yielded such rich results as did that of Dumas and Maquet. It is now a little forgotten what an astonishment it was to our fathers

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when Dumas's romances followed each other like peaches ripening on one tree. Charles Reade, writing in 1860 of the marvel, said: —

> Then was established on a grand scale that intellectual alliance to which the world owes the most brilliant romances of the century. *Les Trois Mousquetaires, La Reine Margot, Une Fille du Régent, La Guerre des Femmes, Monte-Cristo* (pyramid of romance), *Vingt Ans Après, La Dame de Monsoreau, Le Chevalier de Maison-Rouge, Les Quarant-Cinq, Les Mémoires d'un Médicin, La Tulipe Noire* — all these great stories were poured upon the public with a rapidity that has scarce a parallel in the history of letters. This phenomenon astounded costive writers, and set them uttering, by way of solution, old wives' fables that turned the wonder into an impossibility. The account the authors themselves gave was the only credible one. These works were flung off by even collaboration of two most inventive and rapid writers. Some of the work was written in almost less time than a single hand could have transcribed it. I believed they still show at Trouville, in a fisherman's cottage, the chamber and table where the pair wrote the first four volumes of *Monte-Cristo* in sixteen days.

M. Tronche-Macaire began, by stating that the question at issue was now for the first time raised before the Courts. It was whether the heirs of an author who had assigned his rights to a collaborator could have the benefit of an extension of copyright given by a new law at a later date. He reminded the Court that by a document dated February 10, 1848, Maquet had assigned to Dumas all his author's rights in the books written by them in collaboration; that authors enjoyed copyright in their works during their lives and for twenty years after their deaths; that Maquet had died in 1888, and consequently the rights he had assigned expired on January 8, 1908. Very good. But in the interval between 1848 and 1908 a new law, that of July 14, 1866, had been passed, which extended the twenty years just mentioned to fifty years, so that if Maquet had dealt with such extended rights they would not expire until January 8, 1938. There was thus a period of thirty years concerning which the question arose as to who were the owners of the copyright — were they Dumas's heirs or Maquet's heirs? What visions rise before me in reading this speech. I see the Comte de Monte-Cristo disposing of the millions the story of his life has gained; I see the four Musketeers — also immortal — conquering new worlds with *their* share, to say nothing of Joseph Balsamo, Comte de Cagliostro, with *his* scarcely less considerable 'pile,' but I must abandon visions and keep to the issues.

The conundrum before the Court involved, as will be seen, this strange addendum — that as Dumas died in 1870 his copyright, had he had no collaborator, would have expired in 1920. Having regard to the assignment by Maquet, however, it was argued for Dumas's heirs that when that deed of 1848 was made there were two authors in being. One of them had assigned all his rights to the other; consequently there was only one author left. This being so, if a new law came along prolonging copyright for his heirs, clearly they were the persons to benefit by it. To which argument it was rejoined for Maquet's heirs that at the time the assignment was made he had a certain right, namely, his personal enjoyment during his life which passed on to his heirs for twenty years, that he could not assign more rights than then belonged to him — that is, twenty years' enjoyment after his death, when they would necessarily end.

The newspapers reporting the case had not made these points clear, and one had been puzzled to understand why Dumas's heirs defended the action, since, unless Maquet's heirs brought it,

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apparently Dumas's copyright would expire in 1925 — not in 1920, because the years of the Great War count for nothing in France.

Then — another point unexplained by the Press — as Maquet died in 1888, why this action *now?* Why not in 1889? M. Tronche-Macaire explained this by stating that the plaintiff, Mme. Roiffé, was acting in consequence of Maquet's will, which imposed the duty of defending his interests on his heirs — a duty not imperatively felt, evidently, by the heirs who preceded her and died.

And what was her claim exactly? M. Tronche-Macaire quoted it: —

Mme. Lucien Roiffé asks you to say and establish that all agreements respecting the use of the name and the collection of author's royalties ended on January 7, 1908;

To say and establish that since such date Dumas's heirs had no right to publish the romances written in collaboration with Maquet without the latter's name on them, or to receive his author's royalties;

To forbid them to publish the said romances in future without printing Maquet's name beside that of Alexandre Dumas;

To appoint an expert to ascertain the moneys due.

What! Maquet's name to figure beside that of Dumas, when Maquet expressly renounced such right in 1848! How could such a claim be set up? Let M. Tronche-Macaire explain. I wish I might quote in full his charming account of how Maquet in 1842 came to know Dumas personally. Gérard de Nerval took a rejected play by his friend Maquet to Dumas, who to oblige Gérard, re-wrote it and had it performed under Maquet's name; but instead I will give what M. Tronche-Macaire does not give — Maquet's letter to Dumas of March 5, 1845 — for it perfectly illustrates the altogether delightful relations then existing between the two men.

Dear Friend, — Our collaboration has always done without figures and agreements. A firm friendship, a loyal understanding, has so well sufficed us that we have written half a million lines upon other people's affairs without thinking of ever writing a word about our own.

But one day you broke the silence: it was to cleanse ourselves from base and stupid calumnies. [The allusion is to Jacquot's infamous brochure *La Maison Dumas et Compagnie*, for which he was put into prison.] It was to pay me the greatest honour I could hope for — it was to declare that I had written many books with you. Your pen, dear friend, has said too much; you are free to make me illustrious, but not to endow me twice over. . . . If I have no contract from you — you have none from me; now, suppose that I die, dear friend? A fierce heir, may he not present himself, with your declaration in his hand, to claim again from you what you have already given me?

You see that ink compels more ink. You force me to blacken some paper.

I declare that I renounce from this date all rights of ownership, including those in new editions, on the following works that we have written together — that is to say: *Le Chevalier d'Harmental, Sylvandire, Les Trois Mousquetaires, Vingt Ans Après, Le Comte de Monte-Cristo, La Guerre des Femmes, La Reine Margot, Le Chevalier de Maison-Rouge;* holding myself once and for always well and truly indemnified by you according to our verbal understanding.

Keep this letter, if you can, dear friend, to show to the fierce heir, and tell him from me that as I live I consider myself very happy and very honoured to be the collaborator and the friend of the most brilliant of French romancers.

And let him act as I do.

MAQUET.

Did ever a more cordial, generous letter pass between collaborators? I am sure that Dumas's heart responded to it. Three weeks later there was a discussion between the two friends as to the future, and Maquet wrote the following note: —

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It has been agreed between Dumas and myself in his room in the rue Joubert:

That he will pay me 1200 francs for 6000 lines published under his name in a journal and resulting from our collaboration — that is to say 20 centimes per line of ordinary *feuilleton;*

That half of the sum will be paid on the delivery to the Journal and half on publication in volume form;

That for every new edition of these books so written I shall be entitled to 250 francs per volume in 8vo;

That I will supply about a third of the matter — say 250 of my pages of from 14 to 15 lines out of 6000 lines of *feuilleton.*

Then, as M. Tronche-Macaire says, a final agreement was made on February 10, 1848, at Maquet's request. Dumas had been appointed Director of the Théâtre Historique; an immense fortune seemed to be his, for no one anticipated either his extravagant management or dreamt of the Coup d'Etat. Maquet by now had had some experience of Dumas's personal extravagance, or rather of his lavish expenditure on a crowd of parasites, and he thought that it would be as well to have some security. Dumas was delighted to oblige his friend — he took his pen and signed.

By virtue of the new document Maquet assigned all his author's rights, without exception, for 145,200 francs payable in eleven years by monthly instalments of 1100 francs. The money was secured by guarantee on Dumas's rights on the said theatre. The agreement, and this is very important, ended with a revocation clause to be exercised by Maquet at a certain time in case of Dumas's default in making the payments. The theatre was enormously successful at first, but the extravagance of the management and the disorder of Dumas's affairs were more enormous still. On December 2, 1851, fell the Coup d'Etat. Dumas was declared bankrupt, for on him fell the debts incurred by the theatre, all having been done in his name. On December 11 he went to Brussels, where he lived, working harder than ever, without Maquet's assistance, and indeed without a collaborator at all. Having paid large sums to his creditors, he obtained an honorable certificate of discharge from his bankruptcy. Maquet appears never to have asked for a dividend; he relied on Dumas, and Dumas, not for want of good will, failed him. He spent all that did not go to his creditors before he had earned it, though he worked in a garret and drank but water tinged with wine. Convinced at length in 1858, that Dumas was a *panier percé*, in which the holes were made by his parasites, Maquet appealed to the law. He applied for the revocation of the agreement of 1848, for the half of the author's rights to which Dumas's public recognition of him as his collaborator entitled him, and during the course of the action he added a demand that his name should in future appear on the books.

The Court, naturally, was against him on all points. He had never exercised his right of revocation at the stipulated time, he had never proceeded as a creditor, and he had clearly sold his name to Dumas. All the Court could do for him it did do: it reminded him of his right to a dividend of the statutory 25 per cent. But Dumas, though he worked like a Trojan and produced brilliant things, spent — always in advance — like Lord Alvanley; and although he made repeated efforts to arrange to pay, it was always in vain. So Maquet never got his dividend. On December 5, 1870, Dumas died near Dieppe as the Germans entered that town.

And now — that is, the other day, when every one believed that Maquet's griefs had long and for ever been entombed — comes his heir to the courts, and the whole story, like Dumas's marvellous drama *Christine* in the fifth act, begins anew.

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In the result, as the French press now informs us, the Judges adopted M. Tronche-Macaire's conclusions and advice. We are, in fact, told succinctly that Dumas's name, and Dumas's name alone, will continue to shine on all the books, but that half the royalties on such of them as were written by Dumas and Maquet must be given up to Maquet's heir since 1908, and henceforth until the books cease to enjoy copyright.

So Maquet's fears, expressed in 1845 about the fierce heir have been justified in 1922. But he has proved by reason of the Act of 1866 a better friend to Dumas's family than ever he could have hoped to do. In return, I venture to hope his heirs will find that people are turning, out of curiosity even, to the many books which he wrote unassisted by Dumas. It is strange and sad that not a single title is given by the French press, and that the press of America spells his name 'Marquet.'

UNIVERSITY RAGS

THE WILES OF THE BRITISH UNDERGRADUATE

From the *Spectator, June* 17
(CONSERVATIVE WEEKLY)

OXFORD and Cambridge, and probably other universities as well, have lately been more prolific in rags, hoaxes, practical jokes — whatever one chooses to call them — than ever before. These things may be a reaction from the sternness and discipline of war. Disenchantment with the new order of life, which has not come up to the promises freely made immediately after the War, is one kind of reaction; another kind is an ebullition of high spirits which has been for some time held in check by preoccupation or unhappiness. A closer view of the universities, however, would prove, we think, that organized rags were becoming more frequent, more studiously contrived, and more imaginative, before the War. If the War has had any effect upon the latest developments it has been only to supply a special impetus.

At Cambridge, during the past year, rags have come so thick and fast that we may expect either the cessation that results from surfeit or the wholesome application of a public criticism that will require a very high standard for jokes that are to be regarded as tolerable. We are not quite sure, by the way, whether we are correct in using the word 'rag' of practical jokes or hoaxes that are intellectual in quality. The *Oxford Dictionary* has not got further than to describe a 'rag' as meaning 'in university slang' a noisy or disorderly disturbance directed against discipline. Probably, however, the word has expanded rapidly and it is apparently used now to embrace every kind of practical joke. Anyhow, let us use the word in its widest possible sense and use it, if unfairly, to describe incidents which seem to us to show a considerable improvement upon what our fathers or grandfathers called a practical joke. The best kind of modern rag has some educational value; it is a parody of a movement, a satire on a mistaken exercise of authority, or a reduction

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to the ridiculous of some fashionable mood.

There was a celebrated rag at Cambridge, before the War, when the mayor received a telegram from the Foreign Office asking him to prepare at short notice a reception for the Sultan of Zanzibar. The undergraduates who played the part of the Sultan and his suite carried the joke through with tremendous aplomb and success. '*Borung, borunga!*' was the common exclamation of the distinguished East African visitors. The word 'borunga' was surely well chosen and sounds, at least to us who do not know Zanzibar, very Zanzibarish. It is true there was a critical moment when the Sultan tripped over his flowing robes and barked his shin against the step of the mayor's carriage. Unfortunately, in the agony of the moment he said 'damn!' but the undergraduate who played the part of interpreter from the Foreign Office, with magnificent presence of mind, expressed the hope that his Worship had not been offended by the word, and went on to explain that though His Highness of Zanzibar had been in the country only a few days, that common expletive was one of the very few English words he had acquired.

That rag was probably directed against nothing in particular, unless it was against the Foreign Office or against municipal self-importance. It was just a rag, though a good one. There was, however, a satirical comment in the rag organized by some of the same Cambridge undergraduates. They appeared as laborers, with pickaxes and shovels, in a crowded London street, not forgetting to bring with them the familiar brazier with burning coke. They set up a barrier, past which the police carefully diverted the traffic, and then left their tools and brazier in position until many hours afterward (or was it a day or two?) when inquiries were made and the obstruction was removed.

The present Pavement Club at Cambridge, whose principal action, if it may be so called, is to sit still in hundreds in the street, is perhaps entitled to the credit of employing irony, for the protest is supposed to be aimed against a too strenuous life. The recent performance in the streets at Cambridge of a tremendously heroic film story was quite a critical commentary upon the cinema.

All this kind of thing, as we have suggested, is better than it used to be. It is a striving onward or even upward. That very able man, Theodore Hook, was an inveterate practical joker, but it is a satisfaction to be able to think that the present generation would regard many of his jokes as dull and others as inhuman. The practical jokes of Toole, though he was a great comedian and genuinely a humorist, would seem nowadays to be a little heavy in touch. He was subtle enough, however, on occasion.

The present writer remembers being told by the late Mr. H. B. Irving that Toole once stepped out of a train, which had stopped at a wayside station, and approaching the porter said to him, 'Could you take a message for me up to the house?' Toole waved his hand toward an impressive mansion which was built on the hillside. The porter said that he could. Toole slipped half-a-crown into his hand and went on, 'Tell Mr. — Mr. — Mr. — ' 'Everard,' suggested the porter. 'Of course, of course,' said Toole, 'Tell Mr. Everard, with Sir George's compliments, that the birds will arrive in the morning.' The train then proceeded on its way. That was all. It was sufficient for Toole that he could meditate during the rest of a tiresome journey upon what Mr. Everard would make of that inscrutable message. The old-fashioned practical joke, however, which is now

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mercifully extinct, was generally distressing alike in its over-elaboration and in its personal applications. Let us quote an example which was recorded by Sir William Russell, the famous correspondent of the *Times:* —

J. M. Langford, commonly known as Joe, was, among other things, the theatrical critic of the *Observer* — a kindly, ill-informed, dullish man, full of affections and aspirations, which he in somewise fulfilled; certainly happy in the attachment of his own set. He was sometimes 'haughty.' To him in the Garrick comes Albert Smith one afternoon. 'Hello, Joe, who has cut your hair?' Joe was in a dignified mood; there was an Honorable-and-Reverend Fitzroy Stanhope reading the paper near at hand; my Lord Tenterden was airing his handkerchief at the window. Langford replied, 'I really don't see how it can interest you who cut my hair.' Albert went downstairs and stood in the hall. The next member who came up to the morning-room sauntered up to Langford with: 'How do you do? I see you 've been having your hair cut! Who did it?' Joe very sternly replied, 'I really can't imagine why you ask me.' Then he ordered a glass of sherry and bitters. The waiter brought it and gave a little start of surprise, as he presented it, with a 'Beg pardon, sir!' which provoked Joe to ask, 'What do you mean?' 'It 's along of your 'air, sir. It looks unusual.' Joe went to the glass and could see nothing remarkable, but as he was considering his face Charles Taylor burst upon him with, 'Where on earth did you get your hair cut, my dear Langford?' Joe could stand it no longer. He went off to his chambers in Raymond Buildings, Gray's Inn.

Next morning he saw an advertisement in the *Times:* 'J. M. L. Say who cut it. Was it your own hand or the deed of another? Confess ere it be too late.' It was only the first of a series of similar announcements, and the ingenuity of his tormentors devised continual surprises for him. On the day he went down to Chertsey Races he saw the walls placarded with enormous posters, yellow and black: 'J. M. L. Once more, who cut it? You must speak!' A band of Ethiopian minstrels was furnished with a melody to sing outside Raymond Buildings to the air of 'What are the wild waves saying?' then very popular. And the refrain was —

What are de wild waves saying as dey lap de Waterloo stair?
What are dem wild waves saying? Dey say, who cut Joe's hair?

He was persecuted with diabolical persistence, and as the time of his annual Continental tour came near he sullenly retired from the club and was seen no more.

Just before he left, a friend, of whose name I am not sure, called on him and asked him to take charge of a small parcel for Jean Tairraz, the guide at Chamounix, where he had announced his intention of going. Joe agreed willingly, and on arriving at the Hôtel de Londres sent for Tairraz and gave him the parcel. Next day he set out on one of the usual excursions and toiled up to the Cascade des Pélerins. As he reached the little plateau he saw an enormous yellow poster with black letters plastered on the rock in front of him. 'J. M. L. Confess! Reveal! Or be for ever lost! Who cut it?' He was furious. But wherever he turned day after day the legend was before him. The parcel he had taken consisted of posters with a note from Albert Smith to Tairraz requesting him to have them put at every *Schauplatz* around Chamounix. Joe's spirit was broken. He sat down and wrote a humble letter to Albert Smith. 'I yield. Spare me. My hair was cut in St. Martin's Court, at the barber's on the left-hand side. His charge was *3d.* I am quite beaten.'

The same joke is described a little differently in Sir J. Crowe's reminiscences. It was evidently famous at the time. If that kind of joke was the pure metal of fun we are much better off with our debased coins.

The highest marks for a University rag must be given to the bogus lecture which was recently delivered at Oxford by a mythical Professor of psychoanalysis, Professor Emil Busch. Possibly the joke was suggested by an earlier one at Cambridge.

At Cambridge some months ago post-

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ers announced that a lecture on Spiritualism would be delivered by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Among the subjects with which Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was to deal was, so far as we remember, the promising one of 'Sex Equality in the Next World.' Having attracted a pretty large audience the Cambridge jokers allowed them to sit in expectation about twenty minutes and then pulled down a screen in front of the platform on which was written, 'Sir A. Conan Doyle has failed to materialize.' The raggers then ran for safety.

The Oxford rag was much more ingenious and much bolder. The lecture to be delivered by Professor Emil Busch was composed by a committee of undergraduates in Balliol. Our facts are derived from the Oxford paper called the *Cherwell*. Balliol, it will be seen, is quite capable of administering the antidote to what some of its critics in former days might have called its bane of intellectual solemnity. Over a hundred persons, including some distinguished dons, assembled to hear Dr. Busch, of the University of Frankfort — a university which does not exist. It was announced that the lecture was given under the auspices of the 'Home Counties Psychological Association.'

The chair was taken by 'Dr. Heythrop,' who was made up with greyish hair to resemble what a chairman of a Home Counties Psychological Association ought to be. Dr. Busch looked slightly older and had a typical German mustache, such as is vouched for by any English comic paper. The Chairman gave a few details of Dr. Busch's career, explaining — quite rightly — that his works had not been translated into English. Dr. Busch had, of course, studied at Vienna and practised at Cologne. What German psychologist has not? Unfortunately the Chairman, in talking about Dr. Busch's experiences in the Russo-Japanese War, mentioned that his services had been given to the Russians, whereas the Balliol Committee had decided that they had been given to the Japanese. This unfortunate slip compelled the lecturer to omit an attractive passage about 'the impassive Oriental.'

Dr. Busch (to quote only two or three gems from the lecture) remarked that the earlier psychologists had regarded the mind 'as of one dimension, but Freud had shown that it had two dimensions — depth and surface.' 'After all,' he said of the mind, 'it is merely a chunk of space-time happenings.' These happenings, the audience were told, 'alone form the basic fundamentum of everything.' The highest peak of the exposition was reached when Dr. Busch said that 'every effect must be followed by its cause.' Herr Einstein's theory of relativity is evidently responsible for much. An Oxford audience that had not recently digested that theory might have objected to the new sequence of cause and effect. But not a soul stirred.

Dr. Busch writes in the *Cherwell*: — 'It was a perfectly appalling ordeal, especially as my mustache was nearly always dropping off. Fortunately it never did quite. . . . My examples were chosen to see exactly how much people would swallow. . . . The rag went without a hitch. One man only, the correspondent of an undergraduate literary paper, saw through it, shadowed us home, and discovered the truth.' It had been agreed that if the lecturer noticed from the conduct of the audience that the plot was discovered he was to mention 'Dr. Ludwig Königsberger.' That name was to be the signal for turning out the lights and for a rush to safety. But Dr. Königsberger's name never fell upon the ears of the unsuspecting audience. Never were moral satire and lesson better conveyed by pupil to teacher.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

AT STAR-RISE

BY A. NEWBERRY CHOYCE

[*New Witness*]

THERE 's something like a loud song
Singing in my heart;
And I 've no shoes upon my feet,
But when shall we start?

O little dull people!
You would not know the way;
And I will talk with you again,
But not to-day.

Not till I am back again
From where I must be —
From the lands that are the difference
Between you and me.

For there 's something like a hunger
And food will not do,
When ten million stars and more
Beckon me from you.

ON HANGING UP THE VANES OF AN AEROPLANE (1919)

BY THOMAS THORNELY

[*Observer*]

HERE let them hang, that hung full oft in air,
To flash, with following thunder, on the foe;
Here let them rest, that knew no resting there,
Till warped and withered, like the beams around, they grow.

As dinted armor decks ancestral hall,
And war-worn memoried ensigns droop and fade
In vaulted aisle, so shall these vanes recall
Deeds, till our days undreamed of, in high heaven essayed.

These have adventured where no eagle yet
Has raised exulting plume, ay, far away,
Beyond earth's straining vision, have they met
A lonely challenge to a dread unwitnessed fray.

No trumpet pealed the signal for the fight
(To many a deadly brunt these wings have flown);
No plaudits rose, that nerve the charging knight,
Where he that ruled their fury fought aloft alone.

And ne'er was honor grudged to foe that fell,
Before the rushing of these victor vanes,
Whose measured throb beat out his dying knell;
No deed that earth defiled, the air's proud record stains.

A SOPHISTRY OF DURATION

BY RICHARD ALDINGTON

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

TELL me not beauty dies like dew
The envious sun draws trembling up,
Nor liken hers to that brief hue
Flushes the rose's tender cup —
For things like her so lovely are,
They should outlive the bravest star.

If all my senses still conspire,
Ere their meridian be past,
To set the blossoms of desire,
The worm shall not exult at last:
Her children and my words I trust
Shall speak her grace when we are dust.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

A MODERN MIRACLE PLAY

ONE mile in space from the Welsh coast and seven hundred years in time from modern England, lies the little island of Caldey, occupied by the White Benedictine monks, and still governed by its abbot. The monks are a modern branch of the ancient order, and in their life they have recaptured the very spirit of the mediæval world. Founded in 1895 as an Anglican order in the Isle of Dogs, one of the worst slums in London, the community in 1906 purchased the little island that is now its home, and was presently received into the Benedictine Order. They differ from the rest of the brotherhood, however, in their adherence to a stricter discipline and in their use of a white instead of a black habit.

The population of the entire island comprises but one hundred people. There is no Parliamentary vote, no income tax, no magisterial jurisdiction. The old rule of the Benedictines suffices for the government of the island: 'The abbot shall consult with the monks and act at his discretion.'

When their devotional duties lay no claim to their time, the monks engage in many occupations. There are farms, weavers' studios, a printing-shop, and a shop for making stained glass. But it is the dramatic activities of the island that touch closest upon the life of the Middle Ages. A Passion play is solemnly enacted on each Friday during Lent; and in 1922 for the first time, performances of the play were also arranged for Corpus Christi, when the sea is not so unfriendly as earlier in the year, although even then visitors are likely to have a rough time landing.

The Passion play as it is given at Caldey becomes a part of the church's ritual, rather than a theatrical production, although visitors own to its strangely moving dramatic effect. Before the curtain rises, the voices of the monks can be heard singing a plain song in the ancient manner, which presently resolves itself into the Consecration motif from *Parsifal*. At first thought this may seem an unthinkable anachronism, but those who have heard it say that in his music Wagner so perfectly recaptured the mediæval spirit that the transition takes place without any shift in mood. When there is another transition — this time to the seventeenth-century devotional music of Heinrich Schütz — there is again no loss of continuity.

The production itself is a curious mingling of the utmost in theatrical modernity and in the severely devotional. The stage is set with interchangeable scenery, as devised by the American theatre-artist, Sam Hume. Four cream-colored pylons, — two stationary, two adjustable, — a few pieces of solid scenery to represent doors, a balcony, and a tomb, together with curtains of dark blue — that is all. Over this plays a simple but highly effective lighting-system. 'I have never seen Gordon Craig's dreams so nearly realized,' writes the English critic, Hermon Ould. The abbot is the *régisseur*.

But with all these, there is no costume. The monkish actors play their parts attired simply in their own white habits, and the women characters are distinguished from the men only by the cowls worn by the monks who impersonate them. The play is in thirteen scenes, beginning with the banquet at Bethany. The action of the characters is subtly formalized. The

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actors move slowly through their parts, while voices rising from behind the curtains continually sing devotional music, and between the scenes the audience recites the prayers of the mystery of the rosary.

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NEW MAGAZINES ABROAD

SOME interesting new magazines have been appearing lately in England, Belgium, and Italy. The Dutch art-periodical, *Wendigen*, which attracted much attention because of its special number on the Theatre Exhibition at Amsterdam, is now to appear in an English edition. The Dutch *Wendigen* is one of the most beautiful magazines in the world. It is issued at Amsterdam at intervals of about six weeks, and each issue, which is complete in itself, is devoted to some one phase of modern art — painting, sculpture, the theatre, or the dance — although the Dutch editors tend to devote special attention to architecture — the art in which modern Holland particularly excels. The English edition is to be published by Cecil Palmer.

Two other English publications have recently appeared or been revived. One is the *Nature Lover*, a little booklet not yet very far along in its first volume, which received a hearty welcome from the rest of the English press. It is devoted to the plants and animals of the English countryside and is very beautifully illustrated, though without any pretense at sumptuousness. Unlike most scientific and semi-scientific publications, however, it contrives to select illustrations which are also pictures. Its drawings and photographs do not merely aid in the explanation of the text; they also adorn the magazine.

The *Country Heart*, a revival of the *Vineyard*, which was originally published by the Peasant Arts Guild, is less successful. The Guild devotes itself to handicrafts, woven and knitted garments, wood-carving, pottery, and toys, and publishes its new organ quarterly, with the avowed aim 'to strengthen the love of Earth, alike for its spiritual and economic values.' The *Country Heart* is interesting mainly to workers in the crafts.

At Paris and Brussels appears *Le Disque Vert* — with a staring green disk under the title to give it unmistakable significance. This new periodical describes itself as a '*revue mensuelle de littérature*,' and prints critical articles, essays, sketches, and poetry, but the editor evidently interprets the word literature with a catholic mind, for his critics also devote pages to football and the film.

Several months ago *Broom*, 'an international magazine of the arts,' appeared in Italy, with a group of young Americans domiciled in Rome, as its sponsors. *Broom* is at least a masterpiece of the printer's art; whether you regard it as a masterpiece of the writer's art, or the illustrator's art, is another question, depending on age, prejudice, and temperament. Among its contributors are Sherwood Anderson, Conrad Aiken, Walter de la Mare, Harold Munro, Wallace Gould, Leon Bazalgette, and Jean Starr Untermeyer. Although *Broom* maintains New York and London offices, it is printed in Rome, and the extraordinary thing is that the (presumably Italian) printers of the Imprimerie Polyglotte make never a blunder in the English text.

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A LITERARY CONSOLATION

THE modern reader who is dismayed at the mounting flood of new books, keeping up with which seems as impossible as it is imperative — and most of us would have to admit being in

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just such a predicament, if we told the pitiless truth — may take heart after reading a poem by the inimitable 'Lucio' of the *Manchester Guardian*. 'Lucio,' too, has had his troubles; but amid them all he finds some compensations which, perhaps, are not so minor as he makes them out.

This, at any rate, is his solution of the problem: —

A BALLADE OF MINOR COMPENSATIONS

('With its passionate and desperate honesty, this is the frankest and most outspoken book of the season. It burkes no issues, either of sex or race.' — A publisher's puff of the moment.)

Last night upon a latish car I heard
  Two sons of toil (and both a trifle tight)
Discuss the case of someone who had erred;
  With 'desperate honesty' (and some delight)
  They also 'burked no issues,' but outright
Called spade a spade (and something more at need);
  Compelled to hear, this thought relieved my plight —
There are a lot of books I need n't read.

I'm told that Mr. X, whose mighty word
  But recently put all historians right,
Has done a sort of guide to risks incurred
  By those who like their loves and ladies light;
  That Master Y and young Miss Z indite
Some still more frank, outspoken, passionate screed —
  Ah, well, however frank and free the flight,
There are a lot of books I need n't read.

The tribe of Tomlinson may newly gird
  Their courage for the promised feast (or fight),
But some regard these labels as absurd
  And their attractions as distinctly slight;
  I cannot say they tempt my appetite,
They tend to do the opposite, indeed;
  There are some baits one can't be forced to bite
And lots of books (thank God!) one need n't read.

ENVOY.

Prince, when the boomsters flourish in our sight
  These puffs so 'bold,' so 'frank,' so 'wholly freed,'
One thought shall still preserve our souls from blight:
  There are a lot of books we need n't read.

'The tribe of Tomlinson,' by the way, refers, not to Mr. Kipling's unheroic hero who had so much difficulty in getting lodgings for eternity, but to an English author who is happily still intent on earthly activities — Mr. H. M. Tomlinson, of *The Nation and the Athenæum*, whose last book, *Waiting for Daylight*, has just appeared.

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THE POTTERY OF A NOVELIST

POTTERY made by the novelist, William de Morgan, is included in the exhibition of English ceramic art which has been opened at the South London Art Gallery. De Morgan began work as a potter in 1875, erecting his first kiln in Chelsea, and subsequently setting up factories at Merton Abbey and Sands End, Fulham; and it was from these localities that he took the settings for his later novels, written in his old age, when the average man is content to live 'retired.' Even then, his love for pottery never left him, and to the very end of his life, he was interested in the problems of ceramics. One of his last achievements was the creation of a soft, moonlike reflection in the bold but subtle coloring that characterized his work.

The exhibition includes four cases of De Morgan's pottery, mostly in rich ruby, yellow, green, and blue lustreware. Some is simple in form and design, some is intricate and detailed.

Certain of his English admirers endeavor to trace a relation between the elaborate decoration of some of the pots — with their rich ornamentation in peacocks, phœnixes, eagles, deer, and argosies — and the intricacies of his fiction. It is said to be easy to observe the same fastidious love of detail in his pottery that characterizes his novels.

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A BURNS DISCOVERY

THE London *Morning Post* brings news of an interesting relic of Burns: —

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A secondhand bookseller in Dundee, going over his stock, has discovered an interesting Burns relic. Between the leaves of a volume of Currie's edition of the poet's works, he found a sheet of paper, measuring 16½ inches by 12½ inches, evidently a page from a book used by Burns for making notes during his work as an exciseman. It bears, above the poet's autograph, figures and particulars of the number of bushels malted in the Dumfries district in 1795, together with the amount of duty represented thereby.

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SIR THOMAS BROWNE'S SKULL

AN anthropological study of literary significance — certainly a rare occurrence — has just been made by the distinguished British scientist, Sir Arthur Keith. His subject was the skull of Sir Thomas Browne, the author of *Religio Medici*. In the 1840's, Mr. Robert Fitch, an antiquarian, removed the skull and coffin-plate from the tomb, in order to obtain a phrenological cast, which is now preserved by the Royal Society of Medicine; and the skull itself eventually passed to the medical staff of the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital.

The medical staff has now decided to return the skull to the tomb, and has first entrusted it to Sir Arthur in order that a careful study might be made of it, and accurate replicas in plaster be secured.

The anthropologist has satisfied himself of the skull's authenticity by a careful examination of its history; and indeed the results of his study tend to confirm his conclusions, were any confirmation needed. The brain capacity is well above the average in the British Isles, 1510 cubic centimetres, and the skull itself is of peculiar shape, wide and flattened, with an especial development of the temporal lobes, the seat of the sense of hearing, which suggests Sir Thomas's preëminent command of words. Sir Arthur believes that the shape of the skull indicates a pre-Saxon ancestry, and this is more or less supported by the fact that the sage theological physician came of Chester stock, where the early inhabitants of Britain have left their mark in the later race.

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PROFESSOR LEACOCK AND OXFORD AGAIN

A READER in British Columbia feels that Professor Stephen Leacock's recent observations on Oxford University demand a reply even more vigorous than that written by an anonymous don at the University some time ago. He insists that the Professor does not do himself full justice in his writings on the great English University, but thinks, on the contrary, that 'Professor Leacock is at his best in his humorous sketches, some of which are really amusing.'

He adds: —

I contend that Oxford has justified its existence, notwithstanding such attacks as that of the learned Professor. Who has not heard of Oxford shoes and Oxford ties? At the same time, one must be careful to differentiate. Oxford University is quite distinct from, and not connected in any way with, Oxford Circus, which is in London (a place in the south of England). It may be that the Professor has been confused by the similarity of these terms and has imagined that he was in the Circus of that name. A stranger is liable to be misled at times.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Romain Rolland, The Man and his Work, by Stefan Zweig. London: Allen and Unwin. 1922. 16*s*.

[*London Mercury*]

STEFAN ZWEIG'S volume on his friend, Romain Rolland, marks the distinction between criticism and eulogy. It is his publisher, I suppose, who thinks Rolland, like Tolstoi and Gor'kii, is one of the men of all time, according to the phrase on the wrapper, but the author matches the fervent publisher. In the second chapter on Rolland's early childhood, he writes: —

'A mighty impulse from afar, from the unfathomable past, came to stir his pulses. Early did he discover music, the language of languages, the first great message of the soul. His mother taught him the piano.'

It is disconcerting, perhaps, but not unamusing. Or take the end of the fourth chapter; and watch Mr. Zweig seizing metaphors by the handful: —

'The foundations have been deeply dug and firmly laid. It is time now to begin the superstructure. Such were his activities during these years of study. But through them there already looms a dream, the dream of a romance, the history of a single-hearted artist who bruises himself against the rocks of life. Here we have the larval stage of *Jean Christophe*, the first twilit sketch of the work to come. But much weaving of destiny, many encounters, and an abundance of ordeals will be requisite ere the multicolored and impressive imago will emerge from the obscurity of these first intimations.'

He devotes a whole chapter to a prose lyric in which he hymns *Jean Christophe*, and sees its creator as himself, the 'ferryman, a pious wanderer,' who treads a path through darkness. Mr. Zweig's style throughout is dismaying and stirs you into questioning the things you had once accepted and the admiration you had once felt. I am sorry for the translators into the five languages in which the book has been simultaneously issued. . . . But even Mr. Zweig cannot prevent another heart quickening at the generosities of M. Rolland.

Napoléon raconté par lui-même, by Jules d'Aurac. Paris: E. Chiron. 1922.

STRUCK by the difficulty of an unimpassioned study of Napoleon, M. Jules d'Aurac has had the idea of studying him 'in the light of his own words as reported by those who heard him, without any other testimony except his own correspondence.' He wanted to make us hear 'Napoleon described by himself.' He has limited the enormous quotations that fill the fine volume he offers us to-day to the words that 'concern the events of Napoleon's life.' He has given up quotations that shed light only on the opinions and judgments of Napoleon. The work that he thus undertakes is so large and so difficult that one can easily pardon him the restriction. Such as it is, the book is complete in itself and it is at once remarkably interesting and instructive.

By the publication of this work, M. d'Aurac, whose learning is equal to his skill, puts at our disposition the equivalent of a whole library of innumerable undiscoverable books; and he renders a great service, not only, as he says in his preface, to 'enthusiasts in Napoleonic studies, but to all those who desire to know one of the men who held the greatest place in the history of our country.'

Free Thought and Official Propaganda, by the Hon. Bertrand Russell. London: Watts. 1922. 1*s*.

[*Daily Herald*]

Free Thought and Official Propaganda is the title of this year's Conway Memorial Lecture which Mr. Russell delivered at South-place in March. Mr. Russell's lecture constitutes the most closely reasoned and convincing plea for the toleration of opinion, and of every sort of opinion, that has ever been packed into so small a compass. It may be doubted, too, whether a style of such dignity and nobility has ever been more cunningly blended with so constant and subtle a wit.

Mr. Russell's contention is that whatever we may think of the principle of free competition in industry, we must insist on a free competition for ideas.

At present a man's free choice and expression of his ideas is menaced by three things — the use of education for the purpose of teaching what to think and not how to think; of propaganda for the purpose of inculcating certain ideas which are convenient to the possessing classes and discredit the contrary ideas; and of economic power for the purpose of penalizing with loss of employment persons who hold unfortunate views.

As Mr. Russell points out, there is not much substance in the concession of freedom to believe, say, in Communism or free love, if starvation is the price you are made to pay for expressing your belief. State Socialism would only make matters worse by diminishing the number of possible employers. Thus the two countries in which the

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expression of opinion is most heavily penalized to-day are those in which the employing power is most completely centralized — in Russia, in the State; in America, in the big Trusts. Everyone who cares for freedom should get this pamphlet.

British History in the Nineteenth Century (1782–1901), by George Macaulay Trevelyan. London: Longmans and Co. 1922. 12*s.* 6*d.*

[*Manchester Guardian*]

MR. TREVELYAN, then, has set himself to tell the story of the runaway engine. But he is not merely repeating industrial history or doing Toynbee's work over again. He has attempted, with very great success, to set for the student in the compass of a single volume a summary of all the forces, social and intellectual as well as economic and political, that went to shape the Britain or the British Commonwealth of 1900 out of the Britain of 1782.

At the same time he is scrupulously careful to avoid vague assertions of tendency and the loose dealing in 'movements' that has been fashionable. 'I cannot,' he says, 'hold the epicurean doctrine, sometimes favored nowadays, that because history increasingly deals with generalization it is safe for the student to neglect dates, which are the bones of historical anatomy. Still less is it safe, in pursuit of generalized truth, to overlook the personality and influence of great men, who are often the cause of some "tendency" which only they rendered "inevitable."'

Mr. Trevelyan has called in the old type of history to redress the balance of the new, and the proof of his method's value is in the persuasive quality of his achievement. Not that he is endeavoring to prove a point or teach man a lesson in engine-driving or the control of his creations. What he does is to convince us that this is the way in which the thing happened and that this is how the world was set free to a highly embarrassing and dangerous extent.

There is no one 'interpretation' of history, but as many interpretations of history as there are facets of the human spirit and activities of the human being. Did economic forces make the Utilitarian thinkers, or did the Utilitarian thinkers make economic forces? It is a question that can have no definite answer, and the wise historian can only deploy the various creative forces of social change with the best judgment at his disposal.

It need hardly be said that Mr. Trevelyan's judgment is sound and that his apportionment of space between men and movements, inventors and authors, industrial power and personal leadership, is just and suggestive.

Orchards, by Warwick Deeping. London: Cassell. 1922. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Daily Telegraph*]

Orchards is characteristic of Mr. Warwick Deeping. Which means that it is a rousing good story, in which there is a little history and plenty of fighting, and many gallant men and, in this instance, one spirited lady. The reader will probably be inclined to vary his adjectives concerning the lady as the story proceeds. And he will pay the unconscious tribute, to Mr. Deeping's skill of authorship, of finishing up with a feeling concerning her which is all admiration and not a little love. For Mistress Rachel Charneys was not exactly all that she might have been before Sir Richard Falconer married her to save her the indignity of being turned from her father's house over the discovery of an amorous peccadillo. Nor could she understand the soul of the gentle, bookish knight who, loving her for her proud beauty and for the heart which instinct taught him lay behind it, forbore to possess her, his own property by all the laws of God and man, by storm, waiting rather for the awakening of love to make him in very deed her husband.

Nigel Windebank, of the golden beard and dashing mien, was not so scrupulous, and so, while King's men fought Parliament men, the everlasting tragedy of two men and one woman was being reënacted down in Oxford County; and the student, turned warrior, threw himself at death at the head of his little band of Cavaliers, intent only on finding in this way a solution of the problem which had been created by his own act of chivalry. Mr. Deeping stirs the blood with his stories of charges and sorties, of mad religious fanaticism and Court intrigue; and the exultation with which we witness the prowess of Falconer as a man of war is only equaled by the curiosity and sympathy with which we watch the play of emotions which have the final result of placing his wife in his arms. Married happiness was a very beautiful thing for them while it lasted. And it was a proud and gracious lady who stood on the steps at Orchards, with her son at her breast, as they brought home the body of Sir Richard Falconer, killed in the war.

It is a stimulating and thoroughly pleasing story, full of a life and action very suggestive of the stirring nature of the times.

BOOKS MENTIONED

STIRLING, A. M. W. *William and Evelyn de Morgan.* London: Thornton Butterworth. 1922. 25*s.*

TOMLINSON, H. M. *Waiting for Daylight.* New York: Knopf. 1922. $2.50

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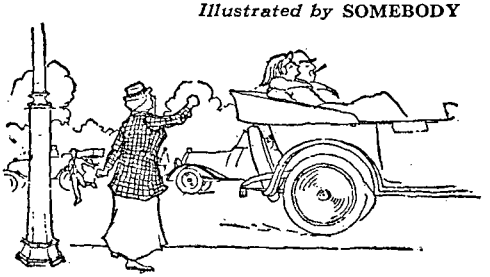

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